

# ANYTHING THAT MOVES

\$6

No. 18  
Fall 1998

THE MAGAZINE FOR THE FREE-RANGE BISEXUAL

BISEXUAL PRESS KIT:  
"EX-GAY" RESPONSE  
POSTER ENCLOSED

THE TRUTH ABOUT  
HATE CRIMES

TANTRIC HINDUISM  
& GENDER IDENTITY

BI FILMMAKER  
SAYER FREY





# ANYTHING THAT MOVES:

## The Magazine for the Free-Range Bisexual

MOVE (MOOV): 1. TO ADVANCE, PROGRESS, OR MAKE PROGRESS. 2. TO CHANGE PLACE OR POSITION. 3. TO TAKE ACTION. 4. TO PROMPT, ACTUATE OR IMPEL INTO ACTION. 5. ACTION TOWARD AN END; A STEP. 6. TO SET IN MOTION; STIR OR SHAKE.

Our choice to use this title for the magazine has been nothing less than controversial. That we would choose to redefine the stereotype that "bisexuals will fuck anything that moves" to suit our own purposes has created myriad reactions. Those critical of the title feel we are perpetuating the stereotype and damaging our image. Those in favor of its use see it as a movement away from the stereotype, toward bisexual empowerment.

We deliberately choose the radical approach. We are creating dialogue through controversy. We are challenging people to face their own external and internal biphobia. We are demanding attention, and are re-defining "anything that moves" on our own terms.

### WE WILL WRITE OR PRINT OR SAY ANYTHING THAT MOVES US BEYOND THE LIMITING STEREOTYPES THAT ARE DISPLACED ONTO US.

This magazine was created by bisexuals and their friends. All proceeds are invested into its production and the bisexual community. *ATM* was created out of pride; out of necessity; out of anger. We are tired of being analyzed, defined and represented by people other than ourselves — or worse yet, not considered at all. We are frustrated by the imposed isolation and invisibility that comes from being told or expected to choose either a homosexual or heterosexual identity.

Bisexuality is a whole, fluid identity. Do not assume that bisexuality is binary or duogamous in nature: that we have "two" sides or that we *must* be involved simultaneously with both genders to be fulfilled human beings. In fact, don't assume that there are only two genders. Do not mistake our fluidity for confusion, irresponsibility, or an inability to commit. Do not equate promiscuity, infidelity, or unsafe sexual behavior with bisexuality. Those are human traits that cross *all* sexual orientations. Nothing should be assumed about anyone's sexuality — including your own.

We are angered by those who refuse to accept our existence; our issues; our contributions; our alliances; our voice. It is time for the bisexual voice to be heard. Do not expect each magazine to be representative of all bisexuals, for our diversity is too vast. Do not expect a clear-cut definition of bisexuality to jump out from the pages. We bisexuals tend to define bisexuality in ways that are unique to our own individuality.

There are as many definitions of bisexuality as there are bisexuals. Many of us choose not to label ourselves anything at all, and find the word "bisexual" to be inadequate and too limiting. Do not assume that the opinions expressed are shared by all bisexuals, by those actively involved in the bisexual movement, or by the *ATM* staff.

What you can expect is a magazine that, through its inclusive and diverse nature, creates movement away from external and internal limitations. This magazine is about **ANYTHING THAT MOVES**: that moves us to think; that moves us to fuck (or not); that moves us to feel; that moves us to believe in ourselves —

**To Do It For Ourselves!**

## ANYTHING THAT MOVES

### Editrix

Linda Howard

### Business Managers

Dan Mullen and Jonathan Furst

### Production Manager

Anne Killpack

### Reviews Editor

Kevin McCulloch

### Art Director

Amy Conger

### Office Manager

Scott Lofgren

### Web Dude In Charge

Kai MacTane

### News Editor

Kathryn Page

### Poetry Editor

Jenny Bitner

### Piece of Meat

Jack Random

### Staff

Jim Ausman ▲ John Denton ▲ Heather Franek  
Andrea Gonzalez ▼ Rani Goel ▼ Lani Ka'ahumanu  
Julia Keel ▲ Ashley Kraisel ▲ Stephanie Luebberke  
Gerard Palmieri ▼ Jay Rubin ▼ Jack Shen  
Mark Silver ▲ Dennis Stavis ▲ Zahra Stavis  
Raven Usi ▼ Lisa Welch ▲ Jennifer Yee

### Contributors

Rev. Andylama ▲ C. Baldwin ▼ Johanne Blank  
Bill Brent ▲ Ganapati Sivaranda Durgadas  
Liz Highleyman ▼ Rachael House ▼ Cris Kelly  
Rachel Lanzerotti ▲ Chris Lombardi  
Danielle Montgomery ▲ Jennifer Rakowski  
Cliff Roberts ▼ John Sanders ▲ Fred Schloemer  
Lisa Stage ▲ Corey Tax ▼ Gabi Wald

### Anything That Grooves Staff

Kevin Cruze ▲ Jace Mills ▼ Judge Muscat

### Distribution to Retailers:

Big Top

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at (415) 974-1544

## ANYTHING THAT MOVES

2261 Market St. #496

San Francisco, CA 94114-1600

(415) 626-5069

email: [info@anythingthatmoves.com](mailto:info@anythingthatmoves.com)

URL: <http://www.anythingthatmoves.com>

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## THE MORE THINGS CHANGE...

BY LINDA HOWARD

Change is inevitable. It is also, generally, a good thing. Earlier this summer, I found myself on the phone with our managing editor, Mark Silver, discussing the future of our beloved rag. Midway through, I realized that we were finally finishing a conversation that had begun two years ago, when Mark first told me he wanted to resign.

My immediate reaction was to panic. At the time, Mark was the only person who really knew all the tortuously fun things that have to get done to make each issue of *ATM* a reality. But when my initial panic subsided, I took a look at the way the magazine operated and realized why Mark was burning out — he was not only the one person who knew everything that needed to be done, he was also the only person responsible for doing it all.

And so the staff twisted Mark's arm (believe me, he didn't object) into splitting his responsibilities between three separate positions: managing editor, a business manager to handle the financial end, and a production manager to handle the layout and desktop publishing. Being the kind of loud anarchist who believes you shouldn't get involved in a problem unless you're willing to do the work necessary to solve it — and also because, masochist that I am, I love editing and publishing — I became the new production manager. Several months later, Heather Franek arrived to shoulder the burden of business manager. This left Mark with enough time to be a managing editor, which was what he'd really wanted, and the magazine prospered as a result.

In between then and now, a whole bunch of other changes happened. Probably the best, as far as I am concerned, has been the arrival of a whole slew of staff members who have helped make this magazine better and better with every issue.

You've seen the results — we've gone to full-color covers, better paper, better layouts and graphics, and then some. Other staff members have opened a regularly occurring queer dance club (first called Fencesitter's Lounge, now called Switchboard) to help us pay rent on an actual office. Yet more staff members have sponsored an annual Bay Area bi/trans art show, Expression Extravaganza, which helps cover more of our expenses and expands bi visibility in the queer community. And through it all, under Mark's guidance, our editorial content has remained strong and loud, with even more stories and fiction, and better news coverage. As I said, change happens, and it is generally a good thing.

And sometimes, even though it doesn't feel like a good thing, change is a very necessary thing. Which is why I was sad, but not surprised, when Mark told me in July that he wanted to resign, and didn't want to be talked out of it. This time around, I wasn't panic-stricken, either. In the intervening two

years, we'd managed to decentralize magazine operations to the extent that we could survive without him, even if we weren't quite sure how.

And because I'd worked closely with Mark for two years as production manager, learning how to do what he did, and living, eating and breathing the magazine with each issue, I was able to step into his impressively large shoes. I will try to fill them with as much talent, style and charisma as he did.

In turn, Anne Killpack, who last year found that her work as news editor, copyeditor and Web assistant had given her far more experience in producing this rag than she ever expected, has taken over as our new production manager.

But the changes didn't stop there. At about the same time Mark was making his decision, Heather was telling me that she wanted to move back to Minnesota.

Of course, we panicked. And then we started looking around for someone she could train to take over her position. It's taken many hands and lots of reorganizing, but I do think we'll be even stronger for it. Starting with this issue, co-business managers Dan Mullen and Jonathan Furst will lead the incredibly cool all-new Business Squad.

Moreover, kudos to Scott Lofgren for tackling the hefty task of office manager, to Kathryn Page for signing on as news editor, and to Amy Conger for volunteering to coordinate the graphics end of the magazine as art director.

We've got a bunch of cool stuff for you this issue, from the kick-off of a bisexual activist response to the U.S. ex-gay movement to an interview with independent filmmaker Sayer Frey. We also have an in-depth look at the tragic murder of Matthew Shepard, and its effect on the U.S. queer community.

Transitions never go smoothly, and this one has been no exception. But as the chaos settles, it's becoming clear that the magazine has become strong enough to survive with flying colors, despite the changes it's gone through.

And that's the best tribute of all to the blood, sweat and tears Mark and Heather have given the magazine. It's also the best proof I've got that change can be beneficial, and the best reason I know why *Anything That Moves* will continue to grow and prosper.

*Linda Howard is the queer/poly/bi-grrl editrix of this rag. After fleeing Washington, D.C. three years ago, she now lives in San Francisco with her two cats, two boyfriends, and the amazingly great extended family of Fiddler's Green.*



# LETTERS: CYBER, SNAIL, AND PSYCHIC

## ONLY *ATM* CAN HELP!

Ever since attending the Fifth International Conference on Bisexuality in Boston this spring, my mind has been in turmoil. Only you can help! My waking hours are consumed with visions of Mark Silver in a black mesh top. I'm not sure how many genders there are anymore. I just can't keep anything straight! I've enclosed a check for my sponsor subscription. Please forward my collection of helpful information and bisexual porn to the enclosed address. Thank you so much!

davidr

Bisexual Resource Center, Boston, MA  
davidr@mediaone.net

## LOVE WITHOUT LIMITS?

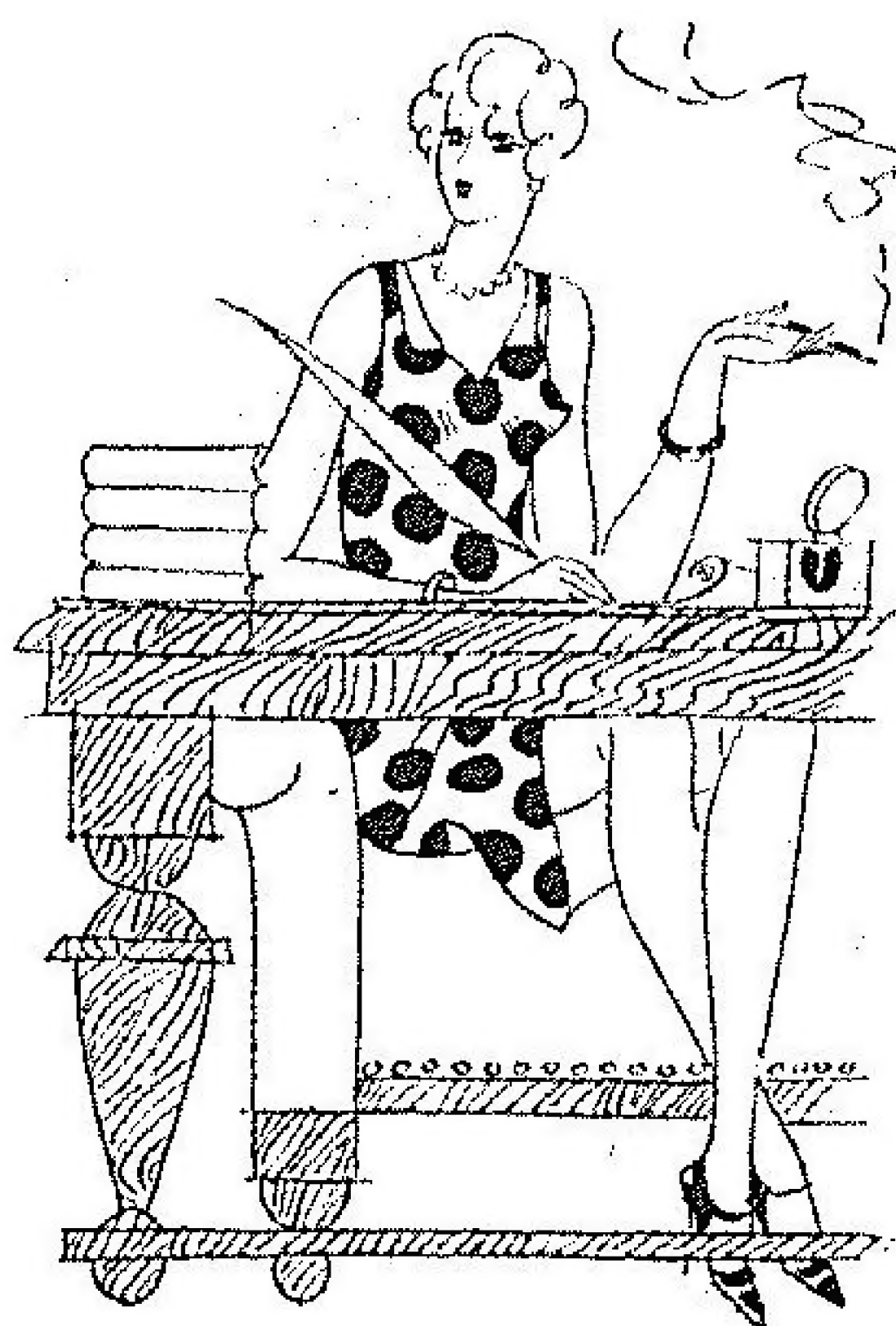
After reading Kerwin Brook's review of Deborah Anapol's book *Love Without Limits* in your Fall #15 issue, I felt compelled to write and offer an alternate opinion. I am not denying the validity of the remarks made, only that I feel that the book was taken out of the context for which it was intended, namely an outline for those interested in a primarily polyfidelitous relationship. The reviewer seemed to be trying to apply the book to the much more diverse group of bisexuals and gays who enjoy open relating in any and all forms.

I am a bisexual polyamorous female actively seeking, with my partner, a female to join our relationship as a loving intimate third. I find being bisexual much easier socially than wanting to be involved in a group relationship. Many bisexuals complain about the lack of a strong community, but it is even more lonely for poly people when even their fellow gays and bis are so quick to cry "but I'm monogamous!" as if loving more than one person were the "real" crime.

Deborah's simplistic breakdown of polyamory was precisely what made it such a healing experience for me to read. Its basic and straightforward representations reminded me of the truths behind my chosen lifestyle and gave me a much-needed sense of belonging to a larger group outside of my partner and myself.

I meet many people willing to openly relate

in a casual way, which I find fulfilling and enjoyable on many levels, but not many of them are courageous enough to challenge their fears and truly share their most precious beloved relationship. Deborah's book helped to validate my dream of finding deep love with many at the same time. I don't feel her statement about "polyamory not being promiscuity" was meant to be moral or judgmental. Only that the two words are not synonymous and that swinging isn't the topic of this book.



I agree that the book doesn't address every kind of open relationship. It addresses a very specific type of relating, and if you are in the small minority of people like me who desire a "traditional" marriage with more than one, it is a beautiful book that states the basic truths of polyamory and opens you up to feeling hopeful about your dream and okay about yourself.

Respectfully yours,  
Vadra M. Doser

## UP WITH MALE BONDING

Hi. I'm a journalist, age 40. I'm presently in a closeted housing situation so I keep my incoming mail and phone calls discreet. I'm

writing to express my appreciation for *ATM*. I love Mr. Random's fiction in issue #16 ("Boys Who Do Boys"). I shared the story with my girlfriend, and she's agreed to call me names like "bitchmeat" during our power-exchange games. I love male bonding, especially nude wrestling and cross-dressing. I'm happy to ally myself with FABGLITTER. I'm bi, and venerate multiple fetishes.

- Name withheld by request

## RESPONDING TO THE ISSUES NO ONE'S TALKING ABOUT

I wanted to bring up some points in response to Heather Franek's article, "Talking About the Issues No One's Expressing" (*ATM* #17). First off, I think she brings up many critical issues for transgendered allies to think about, such as where, in all of our intellectualizing and fetishizing of transgendered people, is there space for simple sexual interaction? As a third-genderish bi partner of a bi tranny boy, I think it's been long since time we, as a community, started facing up to our own squeamishness, our own transphobia. Sex is where a lot of oppressions live, where they really come out. Thanks for opening up the discussion.

I do take issue, however, with the idea that the fractious relationship between trans women and non-trans women is because trans women don't own up enough to their previous incarnations' privileges. While I agree with some of the points Heather brings up, I find this idea problematic. I am also not convinced that some MtFs' rather conservative concepts of "womanhood" stem entirely from their male upbringing. The pressure from gender clinics, which can withhold necessary services if the "subject" is not "gender congruent" enough, has a lot to answer for in regards to these ideals as well.

Here in Vancouver, the debate around including trans women in women-only spaces is currently raging, and has culminated in some downright frightening occurrences. A flyer in issues of a gay and lesbian paper said, in part, that trans women "are, like all men, dangerous, violent, manipulative, and lazy" and that "they" were "attack-

See "Letters" (p.4)



### "Letters" (from p.3)

ing women and girls." Additionally, a group of prominent feminists from well-funded, mainstream-ish women's groups met with our human rights commissioner to dissuade her from including "transgendered" in her recommendations for changes to the Human Rights Code, thereby challenging the right of transgendered people for basic protection under the law. Straight-up hate, I'd call it, whether it's coming from oppressed-when-raised biological women or not.

This debate reminds me how I used to feel whenever lesbians would start harping on and on about my straight privilege the second I came out as being bi. They didn't want to openly discuss the lesbian community's — or for that matter, their own — biphobia. They didn't want to talk about how it felt being on "invited guest" status within the community, where you could easily be ostracized at a second's notice for being one of those "impolite angry bis." No, all they wanted to discuss were the realms of "straight privilege" that I was accessing every second of every day, apparently even while being bashed with my girlfriend. They were asking for one-sided honesty, and that's not a discussion, that's just a strange game of one-upmanship: You have privilege, therefore I don't have to deal with my own responsibility in this.

Biological women want trans women to confess all of the male privilege they have ever had growing up. But they won't similarly talk about their relative privilege of growing up non-transgendered. Yes, they were oppressed as girls, but at least they felt like girls and had a body to match. And if some of these girls turned out to be tranny boys, at least there's some indulgence, a bit of breathing room, under the category of tomboy.

There's no room to breathe if you're seen as a femmy or sissy boy. I understand that a lot of trans women did experience that and the accompanying violence that being seen as such entails. Bio women don't want to own up to the fact that growing up with what feels like the right shape around you is also a privilege, if we really want to be honest about it. If there's going to be an honest discussion, it has to be an equal honesty.

We could learn a lot from one another. Yes, our experiences are different, and most trans women I've met are pretty obviously aware

of that. Bio gals grew up being fucked with 'cuz they were girls. Trans women grew up being fucked with 'cuz they were girly "boys". This patriarchal systems sees both as "lesser-than". We could teach each other a lot about what it is to be "women", but only if it's a fair fight. Only if the honesty is having it both ways, too. (Is that bi-honesty? :) )

Regards,  
Karen Earl  
pzora@hotmail.com

### GODZILLA'S BI, TOO

First, thanx for a great magazine. Second, while reading the June issue of *Details*, I came across an excerpt from Godzilla's diary (translated by Jeff MacGregor). According to the "diary," Godzilla went to a shrink — he is now diagnosed as clinically insecure — who said that his insecurities as a younger lizard "drove me into the high school drama department all those years ago. A gangly, closeted bisexual teen with terrible, terrible skin and radioactive breath." I was very pleased to see this. Just an FYI.

Mikey Spanola  
GLAAD Monitoring & Response SF

### TIRED OF HEARING FROM THE FRANEKS OF THE WORLD

Okay, so Heather Franek's girlfriend P.K. transitioned at the age of 45. I don't care that Franek claims that many of the MtFs she knows "have not worked through their male shit enough to really understand what the world is like for genetic or female-reared women". I'm tired of hearing the Franeks of the world whine about how tough it is "to grow up as female in this society" as they selectively focus upon the experience of transsexuals with decades of adult male privilege.

I completed my sex-change in the '70s — and am *still* younger than Franek's P.K. For the many male-to-female transsexuals like me who were true to ourselves when we were young, male privilege is every bit as alien as it is to Franek — and we didn't have access to the second-class status of female which Franek wraps around herself like a hair shirt. Difficult as it may be for the Franeks of the

world to comprehend, we count ourselves lucky to have attained the relative safety and privilege she grew up taking for granted.

Franek's confession that — despite her oppressed-female background and 10 years' experience as "an anti-violence trainer" — she has never been as frightened as she was riding a bus at night with a transsexual, gives her away. Especially since she admits that "nothing even happened". Franek's claim that "no adult experience can convey what it's like to grow up as female in this society" cuts both ways — no adult experience of hers can convey what it's like to grow up as transsexual in this society, with that kind of fear instilled and reinforced through socially sanctioned violence.

I am tired of hearing from women like Franek who have not worked through their female shit enough to really understand what the world is like for young transsexuals.

Margaret Deirdre O'Hartigan  
Portland, OR

### ATM DEFIES THE NICHES

Greetings. Thank you for the invite to subscribe to ATM. It is one of the most exciting reads I've come across in quite a while.

I'm a 40-year-old queer, HIV+, atheist in a fundamentalist Christian family. I listen largely to punk rock, but I'm also a Deadhead with 100+ shows. I was never considered "gay enough" for the gay scene, was criticized for not being exclusively gay, and to this day am mostly repelled by what passes for gay culture.

As an HIV+ person who abhors the use of pharmaceuticals in favor of vegetarianism, cannabis and various natural and holistic healing methods, I have passed 12 years since my diagnosis as a total non-progressor, but in the process I have been considered a pariah and a danger to the ASOs and the AIDS bureaucracy. I guess what I'm saying is that I've never really fit anywhere, ever. I find in your organization and magazine, alternatives to all the niches that are dictated to us.

Please enter my sub and send me another #17. Best of luck for continued success for ATM.

Peace and noise,  
Wayne

Send your thoughts, criticisms, praise, questions, xeroxed body parts, whatever, to: Letters to the Editor, Anything That Moves, 2261 Market St. #496, San Francisco, CA 94114-1600 USA, or email: letters@anythingthatmoves.com. Letters may be edited for length. Unless you tell us not to, we will print your name. Aliases or anonymous letters are, of course, respected, but please send us your real name, and we won't tell anybody you wrote us if you don't want us to.



Okay, so we know a lot of things about the world are going to hell

in a handbasket. As near as I can tell, there are two types of people: those who do something about it, and those who don't.

I'm one of those people who do.

And there are two kinds of people who do something about it: those who write a check, and those who do the actual work. Both are needed.

I used to be one of those people who just writes a check. I thought that you had to have connections, or a certain kind of degree, in order to make changes in the world. Then I found out that all you have to do is show up and do the work. So now I'm one of those people who does the work.

Now there are two kinds of people that do the work: those who do the

hands-on work to fix immediate problems, and those who do social change work to prevent those problems from repeating indefinitely. Both are crucial.

I'm one of those people who does the social change kind of work.

There is so much work to do, environmentally, socially, economically, politically... I have never been able to pick just one issue. After getting involved (simultaneously) in environmental sustainability, peace, social justice, and community building, I realized that my favorite thing to do was to make connections between people and information, and between people and each other. My latest project is to open a community library that will give other people who do social change work the information and resources they need.

So I think a lot about activism. And being a bi girl I think about the queer community. And I think about the queer community and activism. After my latest trip to San Francisco I decided that there are two kinds of queer activists: those who only organize around queer issues, and those who organize around other issues. Both are necessary.

I'm one of those queer activists who organizes around other issues. Now why did I make this distinction after my latest trip to San Francisco? Because in my home town of Tucson, I rarely see queer activists in other causes. I was in SF for the Dyke March and the Pride Parade (and, of course, the ATM Switchboard party). Both Saturday night and Sunday I saw contingent after contingent of proud queers marching for the environment, for racial justice, for union rights, for affordable

# Two

# Of

housing, for health care, for no more war... I loved seeing queer people working to make a difference in the greater world, and it made me wonder where those queers are in Tucson.

Don't get me wrong, working for queer rights is vital. It is imperative that the movement towards tolerance and equity continue. But are there no queer activists here who happen to be interested in other issues? (Or are there no activists

# Kinds

here interested in other issues who happen to be queer?) Is Tucson so small that every queer activist is needed for queer rights? Or are queer activists there in other movements and not visible? I know that since I date boys, I'm often invisible as queer.

This problem isn't solely one of the queer community. Social change groups in this city with a large Hispanic population are often accused of lacking diversity, although outreach results

# People

by Lisa Stage

are slim. The ancient organizing question is still debated: Is it fair to expect minorities to participate in larger causes when they are having a hard enough time just surviving?

Tucson is a small enough city that I suspect that I won't be seeing a lavender/green group of any size forming in the near future. These ponderings do make me want to raise my visibility in "straight" groups, though. If every queer wore a pink triangle or a pink and blue triangle button to organizing meetings, would I be surprised at how many we were?

I can start with myself, because there are two kinds of queer activists in other causes: The ones who aren't visible and the ones who are.

*Lisa Stage has been slowly working her way towards full-time activism for the past 7 years — the same amount of time she's been living in Tucson. To find out more about her myriad causes, check out her Web page at [www.pobox.com/~lstage](http://www.pobox.com/~lstage).*



# GOODBYE, CRUEL ATM —

OUR FEARLESS LEADER MARK SILVER RIDES OFF INTO THE SUNSET

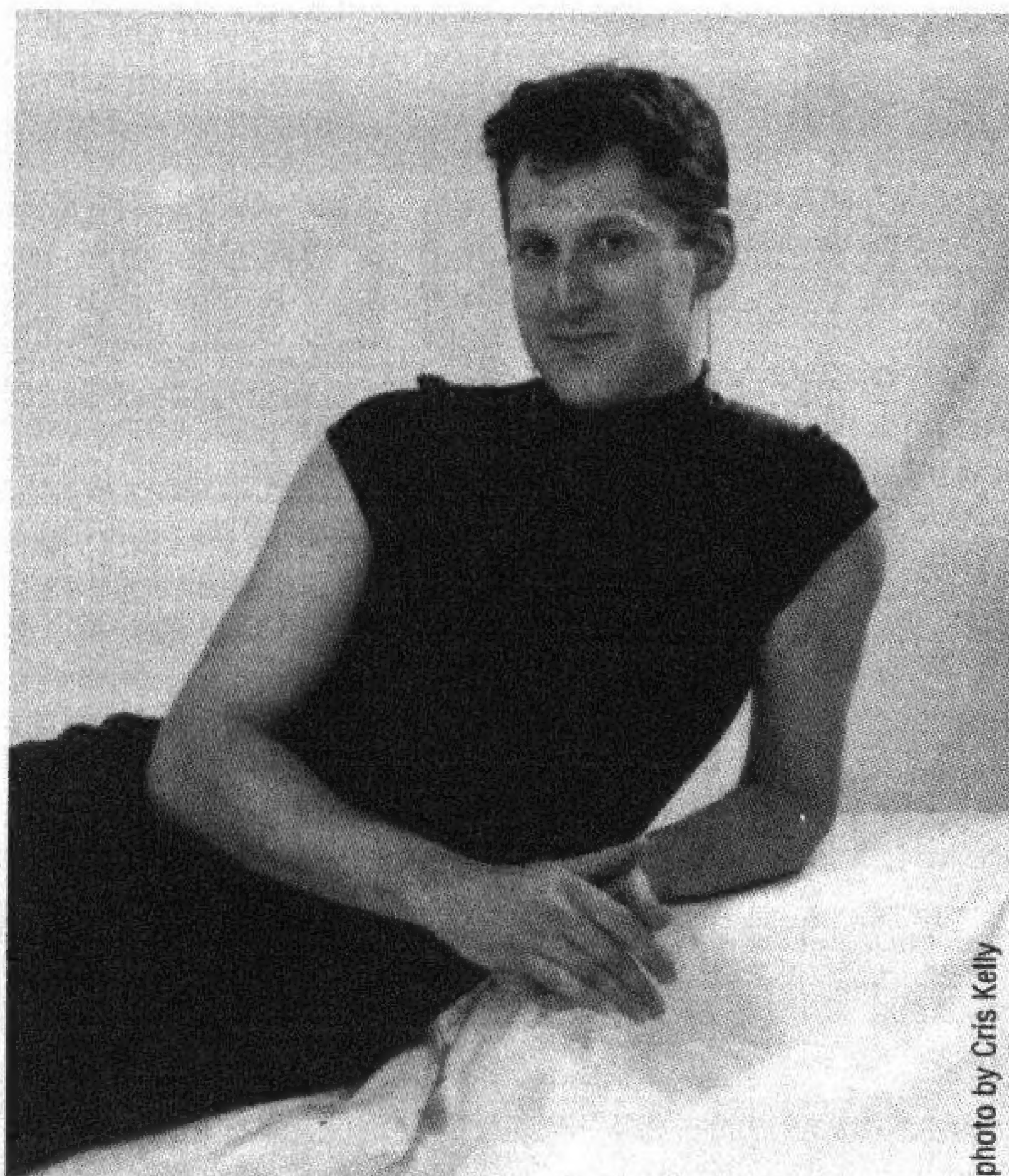


photo by Cris Kelly

## MARK'S GOODBYE:

Looking back over five years of *Anything That Moves*, I'm surprised by how far we've come. When I first became involved, at the end of issue #6, the magazine was in transition. There was a shrinking circle of folks available to do the production work, limited technology, no office, and a debt of a few thousand dollars. I ended up as managing editor for issue #8 entirely by chance; I was the only one there at the time dumb enough to take it on.

I've always had a passion for radical press, even from high school when I was suspended for printing an "underground newspaper", really just a couple of poorly written and poorly laid-out pages criticizing the school's administration. Similarly, I had been involved in a lot of direct action activism.

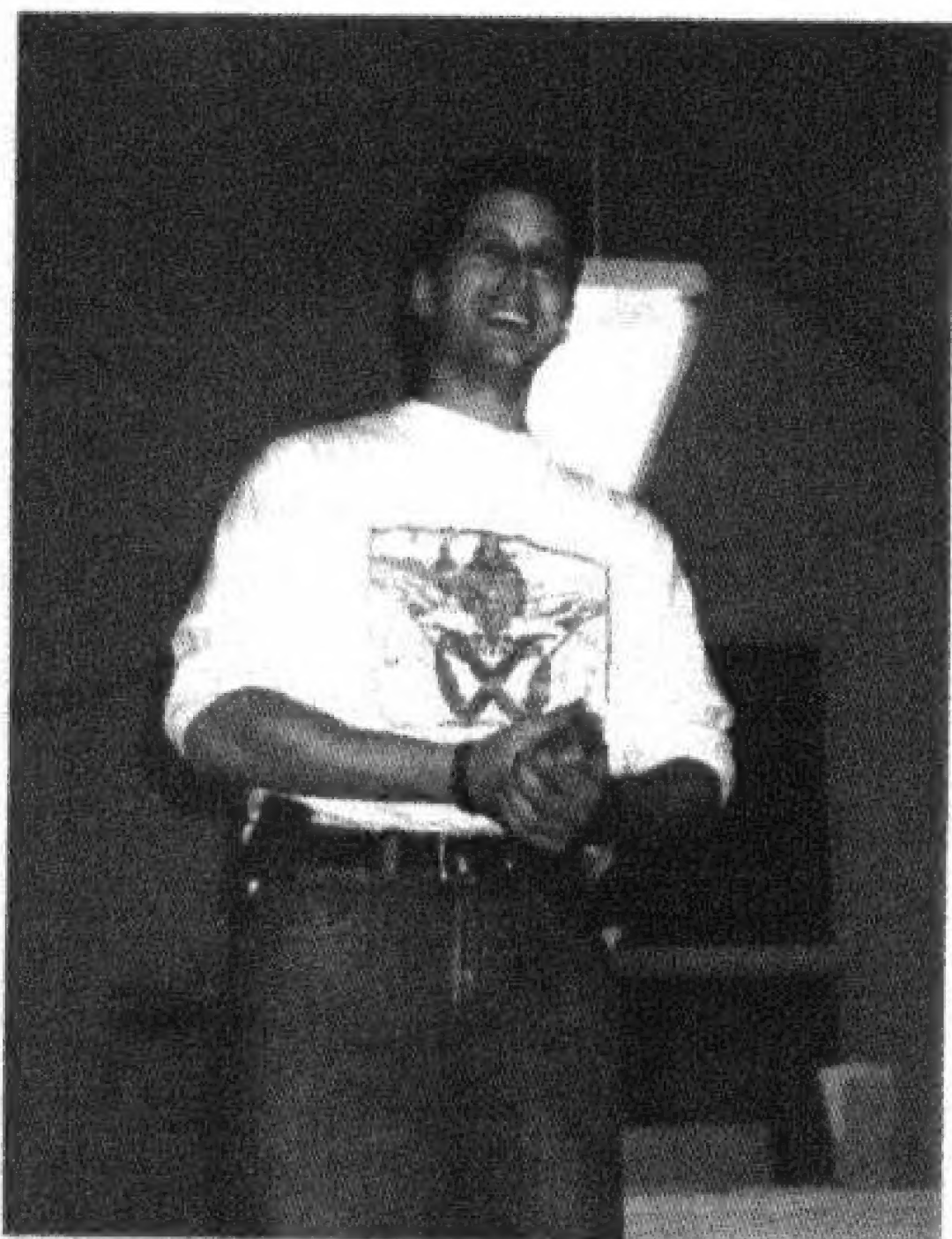
While useful and necessary, I've noticed that such activism is very hard for people to sustain because it tends to be reactive and anger-driven and I've seen dozens and dozens of people burn out in a few short years doing it. As one person complained in a pro-abortion/clinic defense group I belonged to, "Whenever Operation Rescue shits, we're there with the toilet paper wiping their ass." It's important work, but it's not very sustaining.

With *ATM*, I saw a chance to combine radical politics, activism, and sexuality in a proactive package. We were going to start telling our stories and living our lives as if the ideal world we wanted already existed. We were going to tell stories from people who were creating that world right now. And we were going to have fun doing it.

My path has led me to see that telling our stories is one of the most sacred and radical acts we can do. Modern, industrialized cultures have taken away many opportunities to connect with each other on a heart basis, simply by making life drudgery with uninteresting jobs that pay little and mean less. We're forced to spend a great deal of time simply on survival, struggling for allegedly scarce resources. This unnatural competition causes many people to distrust one another.

By telling our stories we begin to trust again. I'm continually amazed at how I can relate and learn from stories told out of cultures or from people who seem very different or foreign to me. I can recognize pieces of myself in the teller, and, in turn, hopefully they can recognize themselves in me. It's grass-roots, it's inspiring, and it begins to undo the damage spawned by the various "isms" around us.





Mark addressing the staff from on high at the opening of our new office. Photo courtesy ATM archives.

So, why am I leaving this inspiring and healing work?

A few reasons. One is that I'm done. I've been turned over a few times, and I'm crispy on both sides. As much as I love the work and the people, I find myself having reached a limit

on my internal energy for this work. Part of that limit is that my regular job, the one that pays me, is no longer inspiring to me, either. I had great hopes that *ATM* would have reached a point by now where the organization could sustain at least a couple of part-time positions, allowing me a chance to shift the way I earn my money, but we're not there yet, and I need to concentrate on finding a more sustainable way of making rent.

**A**nother reason is the health of *ATM* itself. When I started to work with the Bay Area Bisexual Network on the magazine, there was essentially a very small staff, and no continuity between myself and the previous way of doing things. In reorganizing the magazine, I created a structure different from before, and new staff members joined. And left. And more joined. And left. Myself, Gerard Palmieri, and eventually Jennifer Yee were the only stable, consistent staff members several years ago. In creating that structure, I became used to being a conduit of information, and the one who made the day-to-day decisions. The magazine lived in my bedroom, on my computer, and mostly according to my schedule.

Currently, the magazine has a large and very capable staff. But the structure I had created, somewhat unconsciously, made it difficult for me to stop worrying about details, and thus made sharing power difficult. My stepping down onto the board of directors, has cleared the way to create a new structure, one with more people taking more responsibilities, with a fresh start. The magazine is in excellent hands and will just keep getting better and better.

I want to thank a few people. I mean, ideally just put a big "Thank You!" in front of the entire staff list, because everyone is incredible, with far-reaching vision and amazing

creativity. But I want to name a few folks who have particularly supported me.

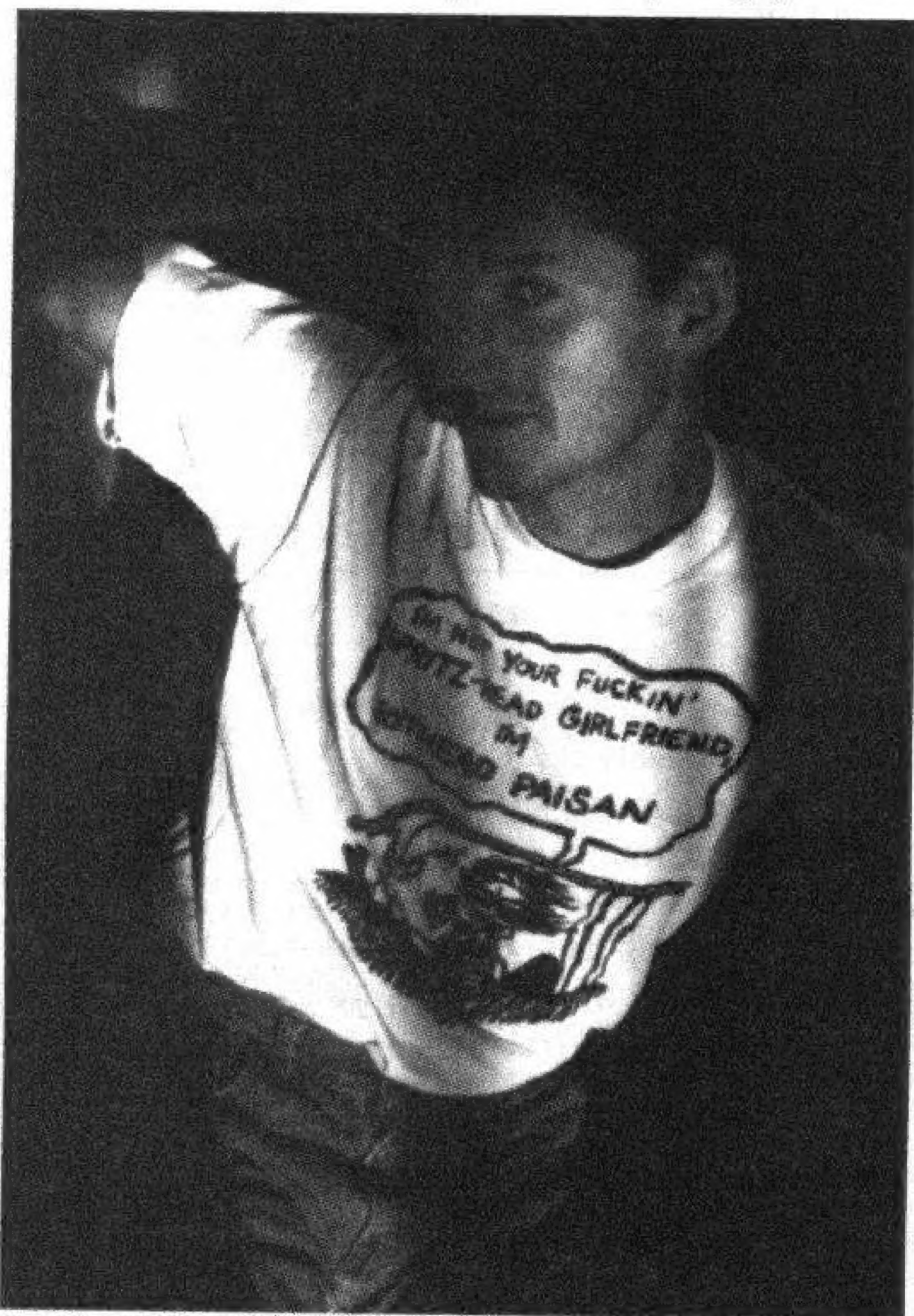
**S**pecifically, I want to thank Linda Howard, the new editrix; Gerard Palmieri, who has been on staff since the very beginning; Kevin McCulloch, with his warmth and insight; Jon Denton and his fundraising skills and advice; and Lani Ka'ahumanu, the incredible diva. These folks have given me critical personal support and feedback over the years, and I love them and thank them profusely.

Of course there are many others who have given a tremendous amount of time and energy. The whole staff just rocks, and I've been privileged to have been a part of it all.

Peace and love, y'all.

*For the last five years, Mark Silver has dedicated his blood, sweat, tears and various other bodily fluids to ensure that this magazine grew and prospered. We'll miss his drive, his dedication, his queer-Jewish-Pagan-ness, and most of all his dreadful metaphors, but we promise to keep the magazine chock full o' bisexual goodness, because as Mark was so fond of saying, bisexuality is not just for breakfast anymore.*

*Now get, Mark. Go get some sleep and dream of mango fantasies.*



Mark: Not your spritzhead girlfriend. Photo from the *ATM* archives.



# While hate runs rampant,

## *explanation for a bad attitude*

*(for Matthew Shepard, 1976-1998)*

*by Danielle Montgomery*

i think of you slumped against  
that wyoming fence bloody  
matted blond hair sticking out like straw  
clothes ripped shoes stolen  
face puffed and swollen  
brain filling with fluid  
as people drive by  
thinking you're a scarecrow

next morning  
after a biker cuts you down  
the boys who beat you  
burned you  
sliced your skin  
whine  
we didn't mean to  
kill  
the fag but he was  
flirting with us

as your parents sit by your hospital bed  
watch the green light go flat  
hear your heart thump to its last halt  
some frat boys add a scarecrow  
to their homecoming float  
get a good laugh  
from the stuffed faggot strung up on a flatbed truck

at night  
even castro queers  
can barely keep from pissing our pants  
at the sound of every car door slam  
because in our guts we know  
those nice boys from next door  
wait on our corners too  
swinging baseball bats singing  
come out come out wherever you are

---

*Danielle Montgomery is an MFA student  
at Mills College and a member of the  
Poetry For The People extended family.*

*Hate crimes in the United States occur every day, in incrementally growing numbers. On October 12, 1998, Matthew Shepard died of severe injuries, including crippling brain damage and burn marks, which he received during an anti-gay attack. Before that, Catherine Mutheki (in Alabama) and James Byrd Jr. (in Texas) were lynched for the apparent crime of being black. Before that, there was Brian Wilmes, who was beaten to death by a man who wanted to see him dead just because he was gay. And before that, transgender youth Brandon Teena died, hunted down and murdered by the same men who raped him two weeks earlier, the same men whom he'd reported to the police, but whom the police had failed to arrest and thus save his life. And before that, so many, many more...*

***Following is an open letter to the leaders of the Christian Coalition, Concerned Women for America, the Family Research Council, and others who support conversion therapy for gays, lesbians, bisexuals and transfolk:***

You offer us "conversion" to your heterosexual norms with one breath and denounce our very existence with the next. You demand laws to criminalize us and our practices. You call us sick, you compare us to criminals and drug addicts, you blame us for child abuse and disease. You rejoice at our funerals and tell us we're going to hell. And you tell anyone who believes otherwise that they will also go to hell.

Some of us have already experienced hell on earth through your persecution and violence. Your message of hatred disguised as morality has given a hunting license to those who follow you.

Your advertisements claim to send a message "not of hate, but of hope." But we have heard what your true message is. Hate crimes are message crimes, and this is the message you send: Convert, or be killed.

This from the same voices that claim to hold all life sacred? Why would you rather have us dead than queer? Are we so great a threat to you?

You don't even know who we are. You claim you can "always spot one of us" — why, then, were nearly a



# none of us are safe...

third of the anti-queer crimes reported last year committed against heterosexuals, by persons so eager to hate that they didn't bother to find out who they were attacking? These are crimes of perception — and your perception is dangerously flawed. Any of you, or your families, could be the next victim of the hatred you have encouraged. While hatred runs rampant, no one is safe.

And even as your incendiary rhetoric of intolerance is encouraging violence against us and other minorities, you block legislation to protect us and to deter and punish our attackers, claiming that we don't deserve "special rights." What is so special about the right to *life*?

We are not asking for special rights — we're demanding equal treatment under law. Anti-discrimination laws protect you from abuse directed at your beliefs, and hate crimes laws punish those who commit violence against you — but not us.

You argue that hate crime laws should be done away with entirely because violence is already a criminal act. In so doing, you entirely ignore the defining character of a hate crime — that it is an expression of hate against an entire group of people.

If you truly wish to convert us rather than kill us, if you truly believe that all life is sacred, then act accordingly:

Stop the rhetoric of hate, whether blatant or veiled in the guise of "for our own good." Denounce those who use the word of God to justify violence, hatred, and discrimination. Support equal rights under law for everyone.

If you do not do these things, if you do not condemn the violence in the strongest possible terms and work to end it, then you are guilty by association of our deaths, and more blood will be on your hands.

Matthew Shepard's blood, and that of everyone who has fought and died for what they believe and what they are, is already on your conscience.

If you want us to be willing to listen to you, stop justifying our murders and calling for our persecution.

***We can't hear you if we're dead.***

***— the staff of Anything That Moves  
written by Anne Killpack***





# Murder in Wyoming Leaves One Dead, Millions Shocked

## *Matthew Shepard's Death Spurs Protests, Further Violence*

**M**atthew Shepard, a gay 22-year-old student at the University of Wyoming in Laramie, died on Monday, October 12, six days after having been abducted, beaten, burned, tied to a fence, and left to die in near-freezing temperatures for the crime of being gay.

On October 9, police arrested Laramie residents Russell Arthur Henderson, 21, and Aaron James McKinney, 22, charged them with attempted first degree murder, kidnapping and robbery, and held them on a \$100,000 cash bond. Sheriff's deputies found

them as accessories after the fact for destroying evidence and hindering Henderson and McKinney's arrest. If convicted, Pasley and Price could receive a maximum of three years in prison, a \$3,000 fine, or both. Both are being held on a \$30,000 cash bond.

### Anatomy of a Hate Crime

As reconstructed by police, on the evening of Oct. 6, Shepard visited the Fireside Lounge, where he became involved in a conversation with Henderson and McKinney. According to Price, Shepard made passes at McKinney, which embarrassed him and made him decide to "get back" at Shepard by luring him outside. Officials further said that McKinney has admitted to claiming to be gay so that the pair could rob him.

Once in the truck, the suspects allegedly took Shepard to a rural area outside Laramie county limits. On the way

there, Shepard was reportedly struck on the head with a .357 Magnum. They then tied him spread-eagle to a fence, pistol whipped him with the butt of the gun, tortured him, set him on fire, and finally left him for dead after taking his wallet and shoes. Finally, the two sought the help of their girlfriends to dispose of their bloody clothing, reportedly using anti-gay epithets as they described the crime to the two women. In addition to destroying clothes, Pasley allegedly agreed to hide Henderson's bloody shoes at her mother's house.

On the evening of Oct. 7, some 18 hours after the attack occurred, two

cyclists found Shepard still tied to the fence. At first sight, the cyclists reported, they thought Shepard, who was only 5'2" tall and weighed 105 pounds, was a scarecrow.

Police Commander Dave O'Malley was shocked by the assault's brutality. A 25-year police veteran, O'Malley said he'd seen hate crimes, but "nothing like this."

During the assault, Shepard suffered massive blood loss and irreparable brain damage from a blow with a blunt instrument that smashed his skull. He never regained consciousness.

According to Rulon Stacey, CEO of the Poudre Valley Health System, Shepard's head trauma consisted of a "massive blow to the right side of the head... which fractured his skull and compressed his skull into his brain." So-called "overkill" — unusual, over-the-top savagery — is a common feature of anti-gay and other hate murders.

Shepard, a political science major at the University of Wyoming in Fort Collins, had recently experienced two other beatings he said were homophobic assaults. Laramie police and Albany County sheriffs are investigating the degree to which the current attack was hate-motivated.

According to Walter Boulden, one of Shepard's friends, the youth was not openly gay, and did not go to bars to pick people up. In the *Branding Iron*, the U. of Wyoming's student newspaper, Boulden said, "He didn't tell people in his class he was gay... He certainly didn't try to hide it if somebody asked him directly."

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*Hate-motivated violence is a weapon of intimidation to isolate and silence to scapegoat and separate to portray difference as less than human."*

— Lani Ka'ahumanu

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Shepard's credit card and patent leather shoes in a truck driven by McKinney and belonging to McKinney's father. They also found a blood-covered .357 Magnum in the back of the truck. Shepard's wallet was allegedly found in McKinney's house.

After Shepard's death, officials upgraded the charges to from attempted murder to murder. If convicted, Henderson and McKinney could face the death penalty. Police have also arrested Chastity Vera Pasley, 20, and Kristen Leann Price, 18, the girlfriends of Henderson and McKinney, charging



## Reaping the seeds of hate

In the week prior to Shepard's death, the right-wing Citizens for Constitutional Freedom ran a series of advertisements in Fort Collins opposing inclusion of sexual orientation in that city's Human Rights Ordinance. The ads urged voters not to support "special rights" for gays and lesbians. Another group sponsored a forum with an "ex-gay" spokesperson to persuade voters to omit sexual orientation from the ordinance because such orientations can allegedly be changed.

Increased anti-queer campaign rhetoric leads to increased anti-queer violence, the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force (NGLTF) says, citing ballot initiative campaigns in Colorado (1992) and in Oregon (1995). "Anti-gay rhetoric and anti-gay violence go hand-in-hand," NGLTF Spokesperson Tracey Conaty said. "The right wing is creating the most hostile atmosphere for gay/lesbian/bisexual/transgender people in recent memory. Hate violence is a logical expression of these rhetorical, legislative, and electoral attacks."

Under Section 280003(a) of the Violent Crime Control and Law Enforcement Act of 1994 (28 U.S.C. 994 note), Congress defines hate crimes as "a crime in which the defendant intentionally selects the victim... because of the actual or perceived race, color, national origin, ethnicity, gender, disability, or sexual orientation of any person." The Human Rights Campaign has pointed to the "special rights" rhetoric in connection with the Wyoming hate crimes law debate, and called on Congress to take action on the federal Hate Crimes Prevention Act which the president introduced in an unprecedented White House Summit conference a year ago. Committees in both the House and Senate held hearings on the measure in July.

## Hate to the grave and beyond

Shepard's funeral was held on Oct. 17 in Casper, Wyoming, where Shepard was born. In his memory, the University of

Wyoming at Laramie flew all of its flags at half-mast for the day, by order of university President Philip L. Dubois. "We are heartsick to believe that anyone could have acted against him with such unimaginable violence, motivated by irrational personal prejudice and hate," Dubois said.

Westboro Baptist Church, a radical fundamentalist church (some say cult) in Kansas run by Rev. Fred Phelps (owner of the Web site [www.godhatesfags.com](http://www.godhatesfags.com)), led a small group of protesters at Shepard's funeral, carrying signs including one which read, "Fag Matt in Hell." In a press release, Phelps blamed the University of Wyoming, Shepard's parents and homosexuals for the student's death: "The parents of Matthew Shepard did not bring him up in the nature and admonition of the Lord, or he would not have been trolling for perverted sex partners in a cheap Laramie bar."

The Casper City Council passed an emergency ordinance to prevent picketing within 50 feet of the funeral service. Officials also brought bomb-sniffing dogs to ensure peace.

Joan Garry, executive director of the Gay & Lesbian Alliance Against Defamation (GLAAD), connected Shepard's murder to the so-called "Truth in Love" ad campaign of a coalition of religious right organizations, which placed ads in major newspapers earlier this year and, on Oct. 10, presented soon-to-be-broadcast TV ads. "We invite those who are obsessed with the lives of lesbians and gay men to examine the tone and tenor of their remarks well before they issue them," Garry said. "Think of who will hear their words. Think of who will see these indelible images. If you think homophobic advertisements like those which ran in our newspapers this summer are devoid of repercussions, think again. These ads give people permission to hate. They are inciteful vehicles. They have a real impact on real people's lives."

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*"Hate-motivated violence is not new.*

*We must never forget the connections from the burning times, to the dark passage, to the genocide of native peoples, to the lynchings, to the gas chambers, to the ethnic cleansings, to the rape of women."*

*— Lani Ka'abumanu*

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"There is an old tradition in our western states of ranchers killing a coyote and tying it to a fence to scare off other coyotes, and to keep them from coming out of their hiding places," queer activist Warren Blumenfeld observed at the Boston vigil for Shepard. "That's what Matthew Shepard's killers did to him. They smashed his skull and tied him to a fence as if he were a lifeless scarecrow, where he was bound for over 18 hours in near freezing temperatures. The message to the rest of us from these killers is quite clear: stay locked away in your suffocating and dank closets, and don't ever come out."

Henderson and McKinney have since been charged with a second assault that occurred within hours of the attack on Shepard. Authorities have confirmed that an altercation between the suspects and two teen boys did occur, during which Henderson allegedly pistol-whipped one of youths badly enough that the boy required 21 staples in his scalp.

## Aftermath: Colorado

[FORT COLLINS] — In an apparent college prank that left many members of the community aghast, at least 11 fraternity and sorority members were involved in adding anti-gay epithets to a Colorado State University homecoming float. Police say they expect to identify more suspects in the near future. The float, sponsored by the Pi Kappa Alpha fraternity, featured a scarecrow that was originally intended as an effigy of the university's opponents. However, police

**See "Shepard" (p.12)**



### **"Shepard" (from p.11)**

report, the night before the homecoming parade the suspects in question added "I'm gay" to the front of the scarecrow and "Up my ass" on the back. The defacement was not discovered until the parade was already under way. The parade took place while Matthew Shepard lay dying in a hospital just a few miles away. After confirming the group involved as Pi Kappa Alpha, the university revoked the fraternity's charter. The sorority's national branch is taking disciplinary steps against its university chapter as well.

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*Anti-gay hate violence, along with all bias crime, causes profound damage to individuals, families, groups and our communities generally. According to the American Psychological Association, perpetrators of anti-gay violence are sending a clear message to BGLT people, those perceived to be BGLT, or those who are BGLT-supportive that they are unwelcome and unsafe in a particular community.*

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### **Aftermath: Wisconsin**

[MADISON] — On Oct. 13, shortly after a public vigil for Shepard, a male teenager wearing women's clothing was assaulted by a man wielding a 40-oz. bottle of beer. The attacker followed his victim from a convenience store parking lot, yelling obscenities, and hit the youth in the side of the head. He then used the broken bottle to stab the boy's abdomen, causing wounds requiring 50-60 stitches.

According to police, who have tentatively labeled the attack a hate crime, the suspect referred to his victim as "something like a he-she." However, police added, the suspect's comments "didn't address [the teen's] sexual ori-

entation or the perceived sexual orientation." Congress's current definition of a hate crime does not include protection based on gender identity or expression.

Hospital officials initially reported the teen as female, then later discovered the victim was male. Police are still searching for both the attacker and the victim, who fled the hospital after he told officers his real name and they discovered a warrant for his arrest on a traffic violation.

### **Aftermath: Illinois**

[CHICAGO] — Immediately following an Oct. 18 vigil for Shepard, a car barely missed a pedestrian in yet another incident of anti-queer hate violence. According to witnesses, the vehicle's passengers were leaning out of its windows screaming "faggot" and "fucking faggot" when the vehicle suddenly swerved within half a foot of the pedestrian before accelerating past. According to one witness, one of the passengers tried to strike the pedestrian as the vehicle past. The passengers reportedly continued screaming obscenities as the vehicle sped away. No witnesses observed the vehicle's license number.

### **Aftermath: Minnesota**

[ST. CLOUD] — A student at St. Cloud State University in Minnesota was beaten by two men after an anti-hate crime campus vigil on Monday, Oct. 19, the university said. The victim, a 22-year-old, openly gay woman who has not been identified, suffered cuts and bruises but was not admitted to a hospital, according to Barry Wegener, communications director at the school. He added that the attack appeared to be a hate crime, since the two men used vulgar slurs during the beating. The attack occurred near the campus after the woman parked her car and headed for a building at the university. It happened several hours after a vigil on the campus for Matthew Shepard.

Wegener said that the woman had not attended the vigil.

### **Aftermath: New York**

[NEW YORK CITY] — On Oct. 20, a peaceful rally to remember Matthew Shepard stunned both its organizers and police when between four and six thousand protesters crowded the streets during rush hour, causing mass confusion and resulting in more than 120 arrests by the overwhelmed authorities. [See *News Briefs*, p.59, for full information.]

### **Aftermath: Capitol Hill**

[WASHINGTON, DC] — The House Republican Conference, an arm of the House of Representatives Republican leadership, is claiming credit for having "stopped" the hate crimes bill. House documents contradict claims from Senate Majority Leader Trent Lott's staff that the Hate Crimes Protection Act would not pass due to a lack of time, not lack of support. The decision to kill the legislation came on the heels of a new Time/CNN poll released last Saturday finding that 75% of Americans think the problem of violence against homosexuals is serious across the country.

The House document attacks the hate crimes bill as part of "the President's big-government agenda," and calls the death of the legislation "a win for conservative priorities." Under a section entitled "Reinventing Big Government — Presidential Priorities the Congress Stopped", the House leadership lists: "Hate crime" proposals that criminalize motive rather than punish violent crime."

A member of Lott's staff reportedly told a supporter that the legislation would die because it was simply too late to bring it up this year. The staffer gave no indication of the partisan strategy that now seems to be the reason for the bill's death.

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*Compiled from numerous sources by ATM staffers Anne Killpack, Kathryn Page and Linda Howard.*



# Protect Everyone

by Andrea Gonzalez

I feel so conflicted.

I recently received an email, forwarded to me by one of the major U.S. national gay and lesbian lobbying groups, informing me of a then-upcoming candlelight vigil in memory of Matthew Shepard. I don't suppose I have to explain to many people who Shepard was. He was a 21-year-old gay man in Wyoming who was essentially tortured to death for threatening the heterosexuality of a few other young men. The buzz is that it was a hate crime, and that he was killed for being gay.

I agree, in a way, with that assessment. However, I maintain that none of the people who killed Matthew — or yelled “faggot” at him while he was alive, or avoided him, or even looked at him funny — had ever seen him actually have sex with another man. I say he was killed, in a manner which I still cannot bring myself to recount, for failing to “pass” for straight. A national AP wire story quoted one of Shepard's friends as saying, “He walked into a room, and you just knew he was gay.” How does that work? Gender, and assumed gender identity, that's how, and that's why I feel so conflicted right now.

As I read the email, I wanted so badly to run into the street with my candle lit and my fist in the air, to scream with the cacophonous choir of the converted, that we're mad as hell and we're not going to take it any more. The problem was, the group sponsoring the vigil does not support including “gender identity” protections — protections based on what gender an individual self-identifies as or is perceived as by

others — in the very legislation for which we continue to scream our demand.

That is an offensive, shortsighted sellout to “straight” normalcy. By not including “gender identity” protections in an important legislation such as the Employment Non-Discrimination Act, you essentially tell a large portion of the queer community that they don't deserve a chance. What is “effeminate,” if not a gender? What is “butch?” How does so-called “gaydar” function, if not by gender cues? Does everyone have to “pass for straight” to get a job? To be protected by hate crimes legislation? Is this progress?

I'd call it insulting to tell “too-queer” gays and lesbians to correct their gender presentation to be somehow socially acceptable, essentially forcing them into a closet of sorts in order to get a job, as part of the legislation meant to allow them to be “out.” It's alienating to bisexuals as well — a bisexual must split the issues of choice of sexual partner and external social identity into the two separate issues that they really are. By far though, the people who get it the worst are the ones against whom these exclusions were targeted: the trans community. Transpeople, particularly transwomen, already take it on the chin in this society. They have to admit to having a mental disorder in order to get permission to make decisions about their own bodies — a diagnosis which could be used against them later, yet one for which they cannot claim disability.

The assault and suicide rates in the trans community, while virtually impossible to pin down, are anecdotally astronomical. I have seen apparent serial murders of transgendered women here in San Francisco, as recently as 1996, go virtually uncovered in the gay and straight media alike. Am I supposed to accept, “They were prostitutes; it's not our issue” from the same gay mainstream that writes transpeople out of employment legislation, thus helping keep them out on the streets? If they'd put as much effort into legislation as they do into such cognitive dissonance, we'd probably have more and stronger laws right now!

I really am anguished over the Matthew Shepard incident, and I really want to do something to help — it's just that I want to do something to help everyone, not just those who “pass for straight.” Ultimately, I made it to that march, with my candle lit and my fist in the air. I just wish I could feel better about it.

*Andrea Michaela-Gonzalez is a staff member of Anything That Moves.*



*"Each time Harvey [Milk] spoke in front of a crowd, he urged people to come out everywhere and often: 'Tell your immediate family,' he would say, 'tell friends, neighbors, people in the stores you shop in, cab drivers, everyone.' And he urged heterosexual people to be our allies, to interrupt derogatory remarks and jokes, to support us and offer aid when needed. If we all did this, he said, we could change the world."*

— Warren J. Blumenfeld

## Bi Man Murdered in Ohio

CINCINNATI, OH (OCT. 15) — Michael Carpenter, a 42-year-old bisexual man, died after being beaten and strangled by someone he may have met in a gay bar.

According to the authorities, Carpenter's wife found his nude body on the bedroom floor with his hands bound behind his back with a sock. Mrs. Carpenter said she knew about her husband's bisexuality, and that they had been married for 12 years.

Police Sergeant Terry Zinser said there were no signs of forced entry into the apartment, but that Carpenter's wallet, some jewelry, and his car were missing. The car was later recovered and is being processed for clues.

Although no statistics were available for Cincinnati, incidents of anti-BGLTH violence in both Cleveland (+39%, from 18 to 25) and Columbus (+11%, from 186 to 206) rose significantly between 1996 and 1997, according to new figures released by the National Coalition of Anti-Violence Programs and the Community United Against Violence.

## Religious Right's Hate Tactics Documented

The People For the American Way (PFAW) this August released the 1998 edition of their annual report, entitled *Hostile Climate*. The report compiles and analyzes a nationwide sampling of incidents of intolerance directed against gays and lesbians. It reveals that out of 170 incidents in the report, Religious Right organizations were involved in 40 percent of the cases. More than one-quarter of the included incidents occurred in just four states — California, North Carolina, Massachusetts and Washington. "Where we should all be seeking to bring justice and equality to all Americans, the Religious Right is instead playing a destructive game of blaming the victims of anti-gay and lesbian discrimination," PFAW President Carol Shields said. For more information about the report, contact PFAW at 202-467-4999.

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# nowbar series

by Corey Tax

photo by John Sanders

I  
back in nyc new self go to trannie bar all dragged out  
pass as mtf get charged trannie price dish with the bartender  
Tina trannie dyke tells me she just married  
pre-transition girlfriend asshole homophobe tranniechaser bioman  
interrupts who wore the dress at your wedding?  
Tina gives him the full force of her scorn announces proudly  
both of us are femme dismisses him  
celebration attitude strength home

II  
aquaintancedyke from sc enters the bar surprises me  
what's she doing in nyc this bar? blew my cover  
not perceived mtf anymore she buys me a beer we hang out  
catch up don't feel as comfortable worlds colliding

III  
for third time watch drunk tranniechaser come on to Tina  
assume she's available would want him offers her \$20 for a kiss  
she gives him all her strength and attitude  
demands he take his hands off her she is not doing sex work  
she's a married woman turns to me all touch here is consensual  
if anyone harasses you we can get him kicked out reading me as comrade  
I belong here new trannie on the block honored safe

IV  
waiting for show to start beautifulpunktrannie working girl name  
Fantasia approaches she seems to be talking to scdyke  
turns to me you're cute hard to hear loud music  
do you want a lapdance? don't have the \$ shake my head  
later on train scdyke says Fantasia offered free lapdance  
surprise anger assumption  
if I'm not a trannie then I must be a tranniechaser  
tranniechasers are all men why would a trannie want me  
didn't know how to calculate my desire left with raw hunger  
disappointment opportunity lost

V  
back in trannie bar Xmas night fending off bioman  
gorgeouslatinafemmetranniewoman in blue sequins approaches  
there's an orgy upstairs the first time she's touched pussy  
congratulate her asks me and him to join in he goes I stay  
comes back 5 minutes later top in charge  
tells me I'm coming upstairs with her go  
four gorgeoustranniewomen concentrating on my pleasure  
two men on the sidelines a show paid for?  
Fantasia fucking me with her cock (not her penis) culmination in her kiss  
opportunity taken

*Corey Tax is a white Jewish anti-racist feminist bisexual fat femme dyke slut no-hormones no-op transgendered queer drag queen writer from NYC who also goes by the name Mistress Mae.*





Jack Kerouac died at 37 of severe liver damage, due to his acute alcoholism. His first wife said he'd planned it that way, that his Irish Catholic soul forbade the quick surcease but allowed him to drink himself to death.

I had this pointed out to me by, of all people, my first boyfriend — a Freudian typo? Jack Greyhound was a self-named sophomore from Godknowswhere Missouri, a tall, rangy guitar player with a taste for William Burroughs, Kerouac, Camels and 15-year-old virgins. (In which category I barely qualified: oversexed at an early age, at fourteen I'd seduced my parents' Brazilian housecleaner, whose husband and children were so loud and demanding, she said, "they crowd my brain." I have no idea how it came to me, so early and so guiltlessly, that men and women could be equally tasty, make me just as warm inside.) To Jack, my earlier adventures were both enticing and irrelevant — he was far more intrigued by my suicide poems, my scars, the cynical attitude I already wore like a pullover. He introduced me to the Beat poets, Jim Beam, caffeine, and condoms.

I think he brought up Kerouac's alcoholic suicide in an effort to train me as a fellow drinker — trying to make his addictions match mine. I probably accepted the whiskey, but certainly not the argument. Kerouac, guy of guys, the seedy underbelly of the 1950s, had very little in common with the androgynous Romantic poets who filled my high school journals, whose example seemed just perfect to me, whose passionate melancholy had filled my head for years, as I watched the water rush down the waterfalls into the gorge.

(Although none of my English Romantics died by his own hand. After Keats' TB, Shelley left his wife behind in a drowning accident, Byron managing an ambiguous death in a Mediterranean war. But it hardly mattered, they had all sung so beautifully of suicide and each contrived to find, quite young, Byron's "quiet of the heart." And along with their cousin Goethe they inspired an era: dozens killed themselves inspired by *The Sorrows of Young Werther*. Looking back on it many years later, the safe survivor Flaubert would sigh, "We swung between madness and suicide... one strangled himself with his tie, several died of debauchery in order to escape boredom; it was beautiful!")

I suppose Jack could be included in Flaubert's line about dying of debauchery in order to escape boredom. God knows he taught me a thing or two about debauchery: I still purr remembering his body pressing at me from behind, his hand sliding forward and down.



# Greyhound Jack

## and other slow suicides

from a novel, *The Suicide Project*  
by Chris Lombardi  
illustrations by Amy Conger

Exasperated at my lack of enthusiasm for Kerouac, Greyhound Jack (or Jack Greyhound, it hardly mattered, he had named himself for his hero and for the bus on which he'd escaped his not-to-be-spoken-of family) threw Sylvia Plath at me like an insult. "At least get yourself into the twentieth century," he taunted, while I turned green trying to get over the first sick-stage of learning to smoke. He knew she'd hook me, she and Anne Sexton, whose *Wanting to Die* book featured a skinny photo, a wan face, a slim cigarette — who startled my system with her hunger to "thrust all that life under your tongue!"

Both Sylvia and the cigarettes lasted longer than Jack, who found a blonder cuter virgin the next semester. (He's quite a legend among a certain generation of Cornell faculty

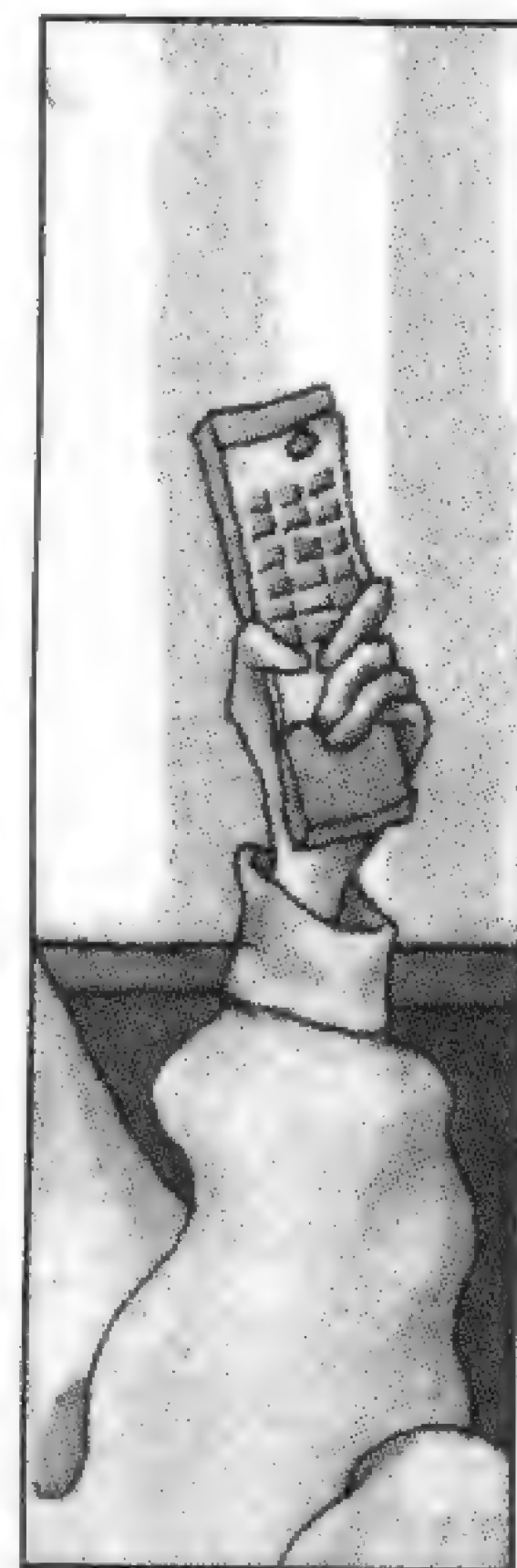
brats.) My mother threw the cigs in the trash at every opportunity, which increased my determination to keep smoking them; and suddenly, between them and Jack, I was "cool," no longer the nerd popular only with my teachers. My suicide attempts and lesbian experiences turned out to be an asset as well, no longer my little secret but another sexy cool thing about cool Judith Rossi, cigarette in one hand, beer bottle in the other, who gave a mean blow job during fifth period if you asked real nice.



No kidding. For nearly a year I was like that, trying to "die of debauchery in order to escape boredom." It gave my mother apoplexy, which was perhaps the point.

"You're not going to get yourself killed in my house!" she would declare at three a.m., dismembering my cigarette pack and phoning the police to tell them they could relax, I wasn't dead, so sorry she had rung them. I'm sure they got to know her voice: even now her clipped British command will snap you to attention. Somehow she didn't understand what I was really doing, trying a new tempo — as if my failed attempts meant I should instead try the slow suicide track, the long sexy slope into oblivion. Ignore the hangovers and keep going.

I still wonder sometimes if that's the only real division: if there are no true non-suicides. If there is only the slow and the fast lane. And the lane changes can be sudden or seamless.



**See "Greyhound Jack" (p.18)**





### "Greyhound Jack" (from p.17)

What got me out of it, the slow lane, was Colette Desouches, the most elusive and exotic of the "cool girls," daughter of a French professor and erotic role model to us all, who wasted away before our eyes.

Understand that speed was part of it, that these girls had access to more pharmaceuticals than most of the faculty at the nursing school. But I never saw Colette eat, except when offered a bite of someone else's lunch.

When I met her she was a gazelle: I was quite enraptured with her, but except for a few stray kisses at someone's party when she was far more drunk than I, she was quite firm about not being "that way." Delicate collarbone, amazing profile, breasts that came out of nowhere and declared themselves: she had a dance card longer than most of my English texts, mostly Cornell boys with a few high school guys thrown in at free moments. She took ballet class and, when she read, read gushy romances about ravished kidnapped maidens. Her mother had died when she was quite young, her father was a high-powered attorney who taught at the law school when he wasn't maneuvering some hot-shot corporate merger.

Over the course of the year I knew her, Colette began to drop weight, her only observable calories coming from alcohol. It's a tribute to our sick culture how thin she was able to get and still get praise from all her friends and attention from so many males of the species; even when she stopped going to dance class and began to complain of fatigue, we thought it was "just" the drugs.

When Colette heard about my botched suicide attempts, the painful aspirin incident, the dull razor blade in my parents' medicine cabinet, she always just smiled and shook her head, saying "Not me, I'll never do that."

As her breasts evaporated and her wrists grew bony she still always had at least two boyfriends: she was first on the block with a black guy, a Pakistani college freshman, a gas station attendant "with the biggest dick you ever saw!"

I watched her with a steady fascination, as if she were my own personal anthropological study: I knew somehow she was going to be important in my life, if not my friend. I didn't know if I would marry her, write about her, or kill her.

At 3:31 Wednesday morning, Colette Desouches died in a boyfriend's apartment of intestinal inflammation due to starvation. Our high school snapped into action with "Eating Disorders Education Month", coaxing many closet anorexics and bulimics out of the closet. The coolest of the cool crowd didn't fall for it — they sort of knit tightly together, focusing on the fascinating stuff, the amount of vomit they'd found in the bed, the blood she'd spit up.

I had nightmares for weeks, about spitting up blood. I stopped drinking and the nightmares turned to insomnia; I stayed up and looked out over the darkened Ithaca hills, my approving mother dozing in her comfort that I was at home. I stopped returning phone calls from Colette's friends, who had never felt like mine. None of the guys I was fucking could be thought of as "boyfriends," so they stopped calling pretty quickly.

My mother even stopped complaining about my smoking, which escalated, as if I was trying to develop emphysema overnight, to somehow accelerate the process that had taken Colette a year, Kerouac 30 years, Dylan Thomas even longer. I chain-smoked till my fingers stank and my teeth were yellow. I think she knew what I was doing, because the day came that I did, indeed, vomit. I vomited all day, and finally cried, not because I loved Colette but because I didn't, because I should have, because someone should have, because she had let the lack of love eat her from the inside.

Defying the stats, quitting smoking wasn't hard for me; just looking at cigarettes made me want to go to sleep, cry, throw up. My mother hired tutors to help me catch up at school, offered to pay for counselling, but she needn't have worried. I resumed my introverted ways, with Sylvia dancing in my dreams instead of Shelley.



She could have worried about the other, my fast-lane ambitions, but I was too good at stealth. Or perhaps she just knew me for a coward.

That one year apart, the slow lane has never made any sense to me. Despite my apparently endless tendency to keep rehearsing it all, suicide's seduction lies in the complete stop. The foot comes off the brake, the engine stops cold. Stops dead. No long sexy painful slope.



"You're drinking yourself to death" and those like it are the easiest slow suicides to tag: the heavy drinkers, the reckless drivers (which is in fact how Jack Greyhound went, forsaking his namesake bus for a Volkswagen Bug at 90 miles an hour), the rock and rollers whose skin goes raw and sand-bagged, whose eyes seem teary in the afternoon sun even if they haven't shot up in the last few hours. And in recent years our puritanical culture has got around to tagging the smokers for that act alone — though word has obviously not gotten out in Asia, whose small airplanes seem to exude smoke from the vents.

But what about people like my supervisors, who come to work at six a.m. to talk to Europe and break only to go to the gym and sweat, who turn out the lights at perhaps 10 p.m., apologies to the wife und kids? Wife und stepkids?

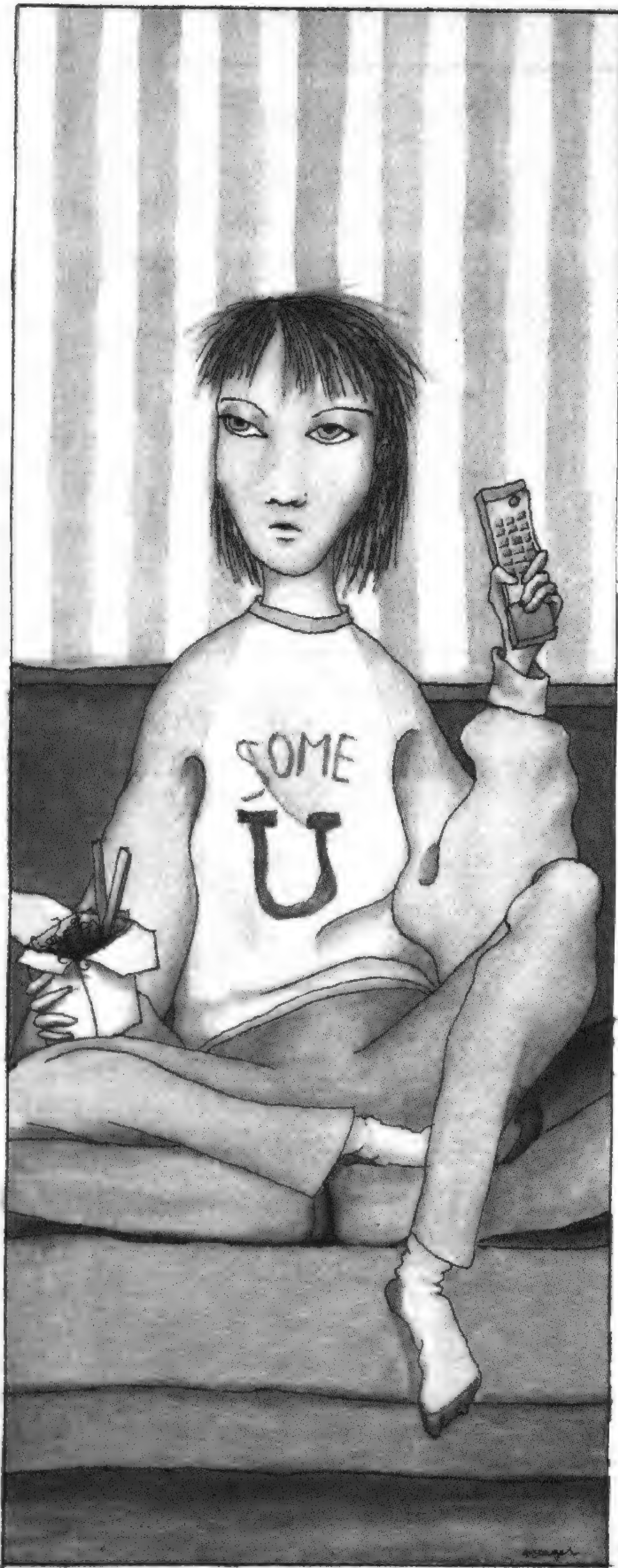
What about my cousins who turn on the TV every fucking morning as soon as they wake up, go to work at some retail store where the tube amuses customers between purchases, and channel-surf over takeout every single night, whose kids don't seem aware of much beyond the latest sex scandal?

What about the blunted dentists and real estate folks who littered my high school reunion, with nothing to talk about besides point spreads — either of sex or mortgages?

Having murdered every minute of their lives, who are they to sneer at me with my scars? At Kerouac and his booze? At Colette as she refused food, bleeding through her teeth rather than become one of them?

There are different kinds of self-murder.

*Chris Lombardi began writing fiction at the age of seven. Her publications include Minnesota Review and the upcoming Guernica Press anthology, Maru Loves Angie, Vinnie Loves Sal. Greyhound Jack is drawn from her new novel, The Suicide Project. Her novel blue: season is a meditation on forgiveness, drawn from the life of Lucia Joyce. Chris is represented by Scovil, Chihak, Galen Literary Agency, Chris Lombardi, San Francisco at <http://www.sirius.com/~chrisl>.*





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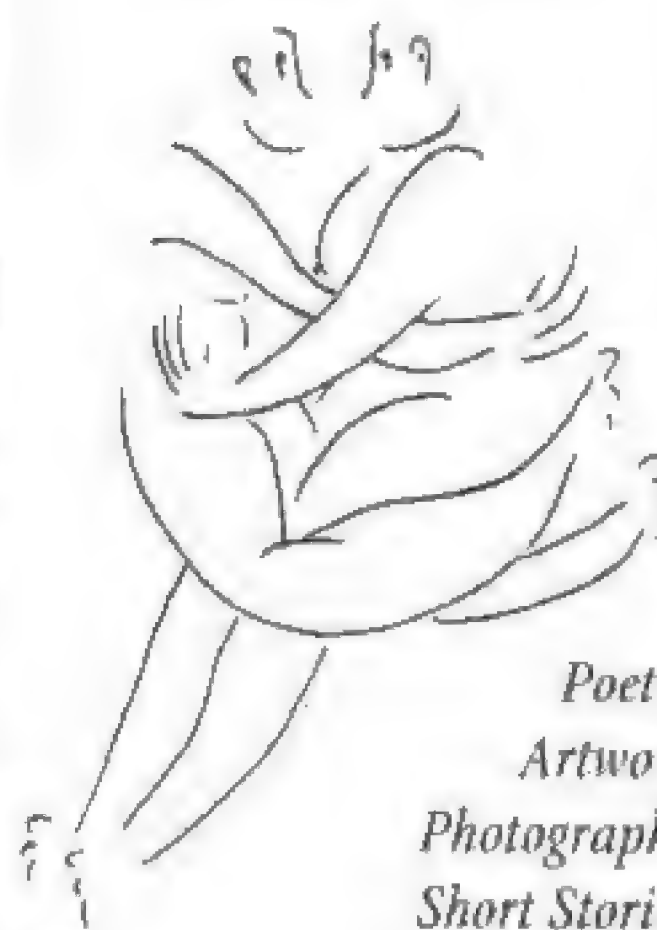


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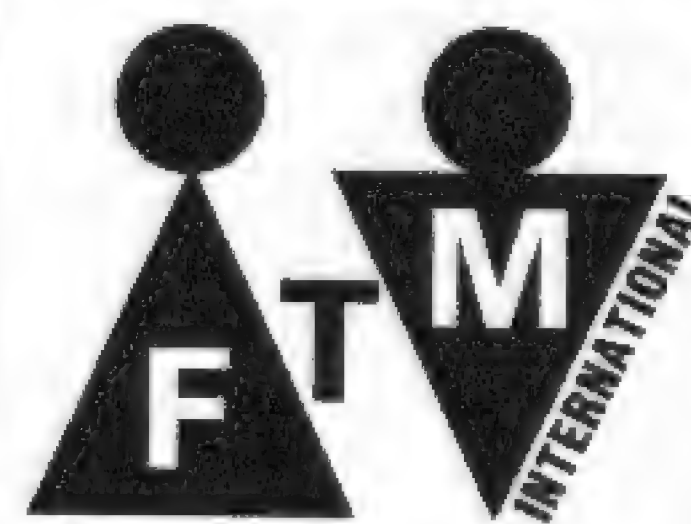
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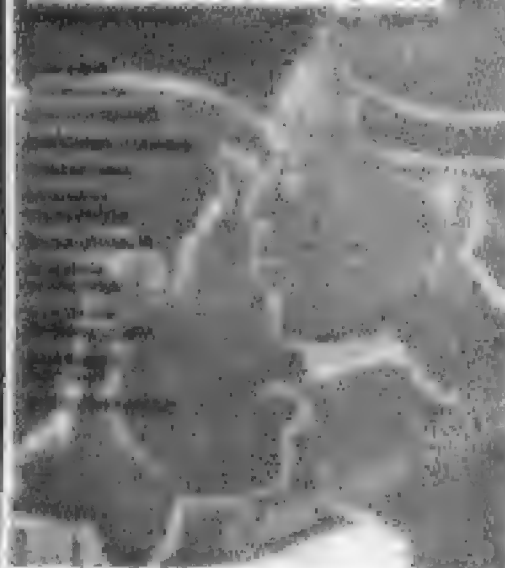
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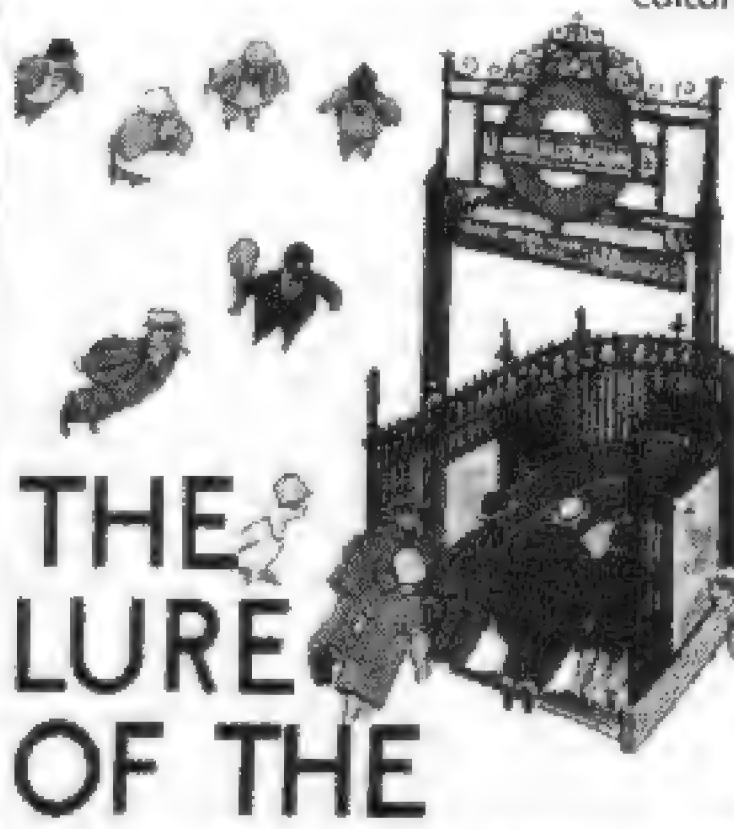
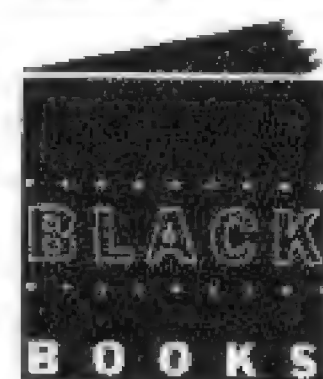
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Chris' work has won numerous awards, and has been nationally and regionally published in several major magazines, textbooks, and newspapers. She also donates her photographic talents to Bay Area humane societies to help find homes for homeless animals.

Cris' work appeared on the cover of issue #16 and again for issue #18. The cover features Shilo and Jonathan. The photo here and behind the table of contents is of Michael. Both photos were taken on location in northern California.

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**U**ntil I actually kissed my first fat man, I was unconvinced that a fat man could possibly turn me on and really get my libidinous engines revving. I had, after all, always ended up dating men who were either on the thin and lithe side, or else big broad-shouldered lumberjack types, and while I had always been quite capable of eyeing, say, Orson Welles' patrician bulk in those early '80s wine commercials and thinking that he was handsome, I just had never gravitated toward fat men.

As a fat woman, the pattern of my sexual attractions to thinner men bore out the old saying "opposites attract" — or perhaps, more accurately, I was attracted to thinner men because I could only be comfortable letting myself openly feel desire for men who were clearly within the bounds of what was generally considered "normal" and "attractive" in terms of physical build: Men who were physically unlike my "fat and ugly" self.

It wasn't until I was in my late twenties that I finally came to recognize and embrace my long-denied attraction for fat men. For years, admitting a fondness for burly, bear-like lumberjack types was as close as I came. If you'd asked me then, I would've claimed that what turned me on was their broad shoulders, their obvious masculinity, the slightly scratchy but overwhelmingly comforting and sensual feel of their facial hair and furry chests. I wouldn't have dared to even hint at the erotic potential of a burgeoning masculine belly, or the kind of thick, solid, tree-trunk-like thighs that these days leave me wondering, "Hey, do you think he'd mind if I dragged my freshly manicured nails up the inseam of his jeans?"

I certainly wouldn't have been able to admit that I adore the way a big man who is proud of his stature and who moves with ease and authority in the world can make me feel. I'm not exactly what you'd normally call a pushover; I'm a big, opinionated, independent, self-sufficient fat woman, a diehard pragmatist, a no-bullshit feminist, a feisty intellectual, and I don't suffer fools, period. Unlike some of my women friends who seem to turn into breathless 15-year-olds at the merest whisper of a hint of a man's interest in them, male attention has rarely transformed me into anything like those little puddles of quivering estrogen Jell-O. And yet, there's something about a big sexy fat man that can make me positively weak in the knees.

I had no clue that this could happen until I kissed my first fat man. He and I had been flirting online for months, and had gotten to be good friends before I finally made the trip to meet him in person. I felt safe because we had a lot of mutual friends who knew one another offline, and everyone I knew who knew him vouched for his gentlemanly integrity and sweetness. So I trekked to Cincinnati where he lived, in part to revisit my old stomping grounds from when I had lived there and in part to meet this wonderful fat man who ended up changing my erotic landscape for good.

# LET

# US

# NOW

# PRAISE

# FAT

# MEN

by Johanne Blank

photo by Rachel Lanzerotti



I wasn't really all that attracted to him at first, though I noted his gorgeously dark blue eyes and long dark lashes, his sensitive lower lip, and his knack for making wonderfully fanciful hand gestures as he spoke. He had gorgeous hair, long and curly. I teased him about his "Breck girl" hair, and he flipped it at me campily and replied, "Ah, but only my hairdresser knows for sure!" I remember him catching my gaze a few times, and steadily holding it, and I recall being quite pleased when I realized that he wanted to kiss me. Why not? I thought, and I let him.

**H**e kissed me and pulled me to him, and in a single dramatically quickening heartbeat, I had an intensely visceral insight into what my former lovers had meant when they told me that they loved the way I felt in their arms. I'd never really believed them before, assuming that they were fetishists, freaks, or just trying to make me feel better. Now I understood. He was soft, and yielding. He pulled me to him, and our fat bodies pressed into each other with a rolling sensation of cradling and closeness that was warm and startlingly intimate, and I was sensuously smoothed with full-body pressure that curved with my curves as it both yielded to my body and pushed against it. It was sweet, smooth, rich as chocolate cheesecake, and hotter than hell.

We ended up in bed, a fact which at the time really surprised me. I'd never imagined what it might be like to sleep with a fat man, and I'd certainly never imagined that it was going to be as wonderful as it was. I certainly lucked out by having him as my partner, because he was as skillful and enthusiastic a lover as any red-blooded girl might want, but beyond the tricks he could play with his tongue or any other particular sensual frill, the experience was most definitely enhanced by the fact that he was fat. Fat, sexy, smart, creative, funny, fat, soft, warm, and everywhere I touched him it seemed like there were near-miraculous eternities of beautiful, round, firm, silken skin to stroke and knead, scratch and caress, nibble and pet.

I became a convert. After nearly 30 years of thinking of fat men as romantic and sexual nonentities, I suddenly became a chubby chaser, a fatboi queen, an admirer of BHMs (Big Handsome Men). As a worshipper-from-afar of the numerous fat men I notice on the subway, at the deli, in the bookstore, walking in the park, I watch the way they glide and shimmy when they walk. My eyes survey their legs for those full, round, gorgeous fat-man calves that I have such a fondness for stroking, and the tender, plump inner thighs over whose satiny skin I love to lightly drag my long fingernails.

I imagine embracing them from behind, running my hands up over their butts and then around their bellies. I think of showering with them, sliding soap-slippery hands over those sweet swells of male flesh. And you better believe I fantasize about how indescribably opulent a sensation it is to have all that firm-soft, sighing, moaning male flesh between my thighs and underneath me when I get on top.

However, probably the best thing to come out of my erotic revelations concerning fat men really doesn't concern the erotic, or even men particularly. Putting the carnal scrumptiousness of masculine embonpoint aside for a minute, difficult though that is for a hormone-determined life form like me to do, I have to admit that the best thing about finding out how sexy fat men are is that it's allowed me to believe a little bit more in my own sexual desirability. If I can find a fat man sexy, desirable, hot, cute, or what have you, then it's a little easier for me to believe in, and even empathize with, my lovers' attractions for me. I walk a bit taller, behave a bit more bravely, and shake my groove thang a bit mo' funky than I used to when I thought the only people who were physically attracted to me were indulging a fetish or giving a mercy fuck.

In finding out that I could be turned on by fat men, I found out that I could also really and truly turn other people on. For a fat woman in a fat-hating culture, that discovery has been a psychological boon of truly majestic proportions.

**D**iscovering the joys of fat men and consequently coming to acknowledge more of my own worth certainly hasn't made me lose my affinities for thinner men. My longtime primary partner is, in fact, a long tall drink of water who from time to time has borne with great good grace both my enthusiasm for big and fat men and my occasional teasing that he himself could stand to gain a few pounds. I still look at and fantasize about skinny boys and I will probably always nurse a deep-seated lust for the bearded lumberjack type (I look at Web sites devoted to gay male "bears" all the time... what beefy li'l hunks of heaven those boys are!). But my world is — pun intended — bigger and broader now that I've found out about the erotic and carnal joys of men blessed with size.

I know better than to be too concerned about something as irrelevant as penis length, but I will confess that in terms of simple physical attraction, there are times when size matters. Since I realized they were out there, there's a whole new crew of hot, sexy, delectable men for me to flirt with, compliment, tease, dance with, make friends with, lust after, fall for, and generally just enjoy.

And that, my dears, is definitely something to celebrate.

---

*Johanne Blank is an opinionated fat bisexual Jewish sexpot, historian, musician, and writer who aggressively mixes sex and academia. The editrix of Zaftig! fat juicy sex and sensibility, she can be reached at [zaftig@xensei.com](mailto:zaftig@xensei.com). [The magazine itself can be found at <http://www.xensei.com/users/zaftig/home.html>.]*

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# The Hedonist

by Fred Schloemer

art by Julia Keel

## Monday morning: Sarah

Sounds of car horns and sirens rose up from the pavement below. Bodies leaning into each other against the kitchen countertop, they embraced for an endless time, listening to the drone of traffic. Over the music of the street, they heard elderly neighbors in the hall, waiting for the elevator, talking about grandchildren. The brittle voices faded as the elevator arrived and departed.

He pulled back at last, brushing rough hands over tear-stained cheeks, first hers then his. She stepped into him as he retreated.

"No more," he said. "Not now."

They had been college sweethearts — now, married for ten years. Having grown good at adapting to his whims, she turned and began placing dirty dishes into the dishwasher.

"So, where do we go from here?" she said.

She managed a casual tone, but a wet glass betrayed her.

Slipping through her hands, it shattered on the floor. The refrigerator hummed as they stood staring at each other. Steaming water spewed from the tap behind her. Crystal shards scattered around their feet.

Sarah thought about Theo, about his hard body, about the way she could catch his clear male scent before he entered a room.

Theo thought about all of the others.

## Tuesday afternoon: Chad

Shafts of sunlight poked around window shades and sent beacons flying through a tumbled room. Linen sheets curled in serpentine tangles around two prone bodies, still glued together after hours of shared heat.



Arching his right forefinger, Theo traced a path across his friend Chad's body. He felt his way across Chad's crisp chest hair and taut stomach muscles, down through a moist jungle of pubic hair. The journey ended with their fingers poised, like Michelangelo's God and Adam on the Sistine ceiling, tips barely touching, still totally connected.

"Your feet are like ice," Chad complained.

"But my heart is warm," Theo replied, getting a groan in return.

They drifted near sleep, sometimes cupping each others' faces in trembling hands to kiss. Finally, Theo rolled over and grabbed the bedside clock, bringing it so close to his myopic eyes that his lashes brushed its face.

"God! My class starts in 15 minutes."

Stretching for socks and undergarments on the floor, he fell from the mattress and landed in a cursing heap by the bed.

"Just don't show," Chad offered. "My professors do it all the time."

Theo repositioned his glasses and looked sadly at his companion. "You don't understand," he sighed. "I'm *needed*."

## Wednesday night: Gil

Visiting hours had ended, but Theo knew about hospitals from working as an orderly in college. There was only one real law there: doctors ruled. And now in fact he was one, though not a physician.

Having watched them work, he knew that looking self-assured was the key. Tonight, he strode confidently down the hall, expecting a challenge. But the nurses were busy preparing notes for shift change. He passed unseen, like Scrooge alongside the Ghosts of Christmas.

Darkened rooms ticked by, their dozing inhabitants bathed in blue television lights. The brightest point on the entire floor lay at the end of the corridor, Theo's destination now. Gil's room. The door stood open, every light ablaze, just like a banquet hall. Just like Gil.

He tapped on the door jamb and spied Gil at once, holding court as he loved to do, his penis in his hands. Only tonight, Gil's scepter seeped blood. He sat upright, cupping his genitals like a communion chalice. "One hell of a way to die," he smiled. "Bleeding to death through my dick."

Theo had always hated blood, growing nauseous at its sweet, metallic smell. As a child, he had fainted when nurses drew

lab samples. Through sheer will, he had mastered the urge to swoon whenever he saw it. Still he paled in its presence. Only the wish to see his friend and former client, Gil, helped him overcome the urge to flee now.

Theo fixed his eyes on those of his friend, finding there a combination of fear, pain, and Gil's trademark insouciance. Letting those brown pools guide him, Theo reached Gil's side without recoiling from the blood and leaned over the bed rail to give his friend a firm kiss on the lips.

"Hi handsome."

Gil shuddered. "Careful — the virus." Still, Theo sensed he appreciated the kiss, probably his first in a long time.

"You're a mess!" Theo chided. "Where's a wash rag?"

"Really, this is toxic stuff here. Let me call a nurse."

"I was an aide once, remember? Think I've forgotten my stuff?"

Still protesting, Gil lay back and closed his eyes. Theo gathered wipes and lotions. Watching the face of his fallen friend relax, he slowly worked his way over the wasted body, washing every inch.

He didn't know how it happened, but gradually the blood began to impact him differently. No longer nauseating, it struck him as strangely spiritual, even sacred stuff.

Starting with Gil's encrusted hands, he washed the palms and fingers clean, working hard to remove crimson crescents from beneath the nails. He was surprised to find it such difficult work. So this was what Lady Macbeth meant, he mused.

Once Gil had been a strapping man, six foot four, 220 pounds, a hard-drinking, hard-loving black Irishman. The two first met when Gil came to an AIDS support group Theo led. Something broke in Theo as he stood poised over Gil's body, remembering what it had been. He patted the big feet, riddled with bedsores, and turned to staunch a lump in his throat. Puttering about the room, straightening the bedside table, he realized Gil's great eyes were open again, watching him with love.

Shaking his head gently, Gil extended his long arms. Stifling the impulse to keen, Theo flew into the outstretched arms and let himself go. Considerable strength still flowed from the emaciated man, and through his grief, Theo felt its power seep into him.

Growing quiet at last, he found that he couldn't detach, despite the awkward angle of their connection. Leaning across the raised bed, from here he could survey the haunted

**See "The Hedonist" (p.26)**



### "The Hedonist" (from p.25)

landscape of Gil's loins. Surprising thoughts danced through Theo's mind: *Whitman called them 'man-root and man-balls.' Funny how they have a life of their own, moving about on their own energy, even as we sleep, even as we lay dying.*

Suddenly he realized that his head was clear and his heart was at peace. He raised his head and found Gil's eyes. They were bright and dry just now — warm and hypnotic. The two remained that way a long time, communicating without words, grinning silly grins.

Eventually a nurse deduced that Theo wasn't a physician and shooed him off. Backing a little shame-facedly into the hall, he blew Gil a kiss and got one in return. He sensed they both knew this would be their last meeting. Scurrying down the darkened corridor, he felt anointed by Gil's blood.

### Thursday night: Theo

Black ice glazed the city streets. Cars crawled through intersections and fish-tailed when drivers braked. Theo knew the moment he left the bar that he would never make it home if he drove. He also knew that stopping for a number of drinks had probably been a bad idea. Eyeing his forlorn car as it gathered salt spray by the curbside, he let out a sigh and began walking home.

The Christmas-tree glow of the high-rise he shared with Sarah beckoned to him, a sorry traveler. He imagined he could see their very windows, the ferns and spider plants



hanging in the breakfast nook Sarah had just redecorated. The leather jacket he wore gave little protection against tonight's bitter cold. Stuffing his frozen hands in its pockets, he began to run as fast as the slick pavement permitted.

It took him a while to realize that a black BMW had passed him several times. Finally it blocked his path at a crosswalk, where its well-groomed driver rolled down a tinted window.

"You working tonight?"

Theo looked over his shoulder. Was there someone here he hadn't seen?

"What?"

"You know... *working?*"

"Buddy, I'm just trying to get home without freezing to death." Turning, he walked away while the black BMW followed alongside him.

"It's warm in here. I've got a CD player and refrigerator. I could drop you somewhere."

Suddenly it became clear to Theo. He was wearing leather, jeans and a thin t-shirt. This guy thought he was a hustler. What a curious thing life was — he had gone from doctor to prostitute in just a few hours.

Theo stopped and tried hard to frame a sensible question through his alcoholic fog. "Any Aretha in there?"

He heard fingers scrambling through a glove compartment. "Yeah, right here, *Aretha's Greatest Hits*, volumes one and two."

"You got a deal," Theo said, and hopped into the car.

### Friday morning: Bear

He would never have expected to find the police station lobby a haven, but after a night in jail it seemed a beautiful place, especially when he saw his business partner, Bear, waiting for him. Bear sized Theo up in a glance, his hooded Native American eyes inscrutable.

"Bad night," he muttered as Theo shuffled up to him.

Theo had to laugh. "You Injuns do have a way of cutting through the crap — sign language, smoke signals."

"Don't mess with me, white man. I'm the last friend you got."



Exchanging insults, they navigated the business of paying bail and reclaiming Theo's possessions — a wallet, a key-ring and two cassette tapes, *Aretha Franklin's Greatest Hits One and Two*. Bear raised his eyebrows.

"Don't even ask," Theo said.

Free at last, they ambled to Bear's car, hands shoved deep in denim pockets, looking at the tops of office buildings and the feet of passing pedestrians. Anywhere but at each other.

Bear unlocked the passenger door and held it for Theo with a small flourish. By the time he had let himself into the driver's seat, Theo was lost in an orgy of grief, holding his head in both hands, sobbing. Bear just placed a thick, rough hand on the back of his friend's neck. The silent gesture made Theo weep even more.

Eventually, he ran dry. He sat for a long time, palms covering his face, then removed his hands to face Bear.

"You look very old and wise when you cry," Bear said.

Theo blew his nose on a wrinkled sleeve.

"Not pretty," Bear added. "But old and wise."

Together the two finally made it home to Theo's apartment.

"You gonna be okay?" Bear said, pulling up to the curb.

Theo wiped his nose one last time. "Yeah, I think so. Thanks so much — words can't say it."

"I know," Bear nodded. "Go see Sarah. She's waiting for you."

"You talked to her?"

Bear gave a wry smile. "Several times."

Theo tried to mask the plaintive note in his voice. "Bear, come with me."

"Not a chance in hell." The stoic Native American face was unmoveable.

"Well, fuck you then!" Theo exploded.

Bear surveyed his friend's stained and rumpled clothes. "I'd rather not, thanks. You're pretty rank right now."

Theo turned to the door.

"One last thing," Bear called out as Theo left. "Do yourself a favor — don't read the morning paper."

## Friday morning: Sarah

He found her in the breakfast nook, sitting on the floor, surrounded by broken pots and trampled houseplants. She held the crumpled front page in her lap.

"So, you're home," she said without looking up. "Can I have your autograph? Seems you're a celebrity."

"Sarah, don't do this."

"I think that's *my* line!" she shrieked, throwing the newsprint at him.

He tried to ignore the headlines as he stepped over the wrinkled newsprint, but saw them anyway: *Alderman Charged in Sex Crimes; Local Psychotherapist Implicated*.

He went to her and tried to embrace her.

"No, don't! Don't touch me, you... you... you... *filth!*"

They kneeled, panting, staring at each other across an impenetrable space. "Sarah, it wasn't that way," he said. "It was a sting — a set-up."

She snorted.

"Honest! I'd just gotten into his car when they picked him up. Seems he's a pedophile they'd tracked for months. I don't know what he wanted with someone as old as me."

She turned her head away, but Theo knew she was listening. "Guess it's my boyish good looks, huh?" he ventured.

It was too much too soon. She grabbed a handful of potting soil and flung it in his face, sending him sprawling.

"For christ's sake!" he bellowed. "You've blinded me!"

"Good! Maybe you won't cruise every attractive man in sight now!"

He lay flat on his back blinking. "I'm serious, Sarah. There's something sharp in my eye."

Against her will, maternal instincts rallied. She edged over to his side. "Let me see."

"Don't touch it!" Theo warned.

"What a baby. Let me look." Sarah cajoled.

**See "The Hedonist" (p.28)**



**"The Hedonist" (from p.27)**

"A baby, am I? You put my eyes out and I'm supposed to let you move in for the kill?"

She managed to get his hands away from his face. "Blink," she commanded. "Now more. More!"

Theo waved her away. "For crying out loud... I already look like I have Tourette's Syndrome! What do you want from me?"

She sat cross-legged beside him. "Let's see..." she mused. "Blind, barking, permanently disabled. I can just about handle you now, Theo."

He had to smile. "Sounds like you'd do just as well with an old dog."

As sometimes happened between the two of them, banter turned to tenderness, and tenderness to sexual tension. "Did I hurt you bad?" she asked.

"Mortally."

"Good, I feel better." Then she recanted. "No, really. Does it still hurt?"

"Just over here a little," he said, pointing to his face.

"Where?" she asked.

"Right here, in the corner of my eye."

"I can't see where," she said, moving nearer.

"Come closer," he said softly.

"Now?" she asked.

"Closer," he said, softer still.

"Now?" she asked again, just inches from his face.

"Right about there," he said.

She hung, suspended like an angel, hovering over his body, eyes close enough to see into his soul.



"Now," he said, and reached up to kiss her.

The force of their lovemaking startled them both. Wrestling together on the floor of the ruined breakfast nook, rolling in potting soil and crumpled newspaper, they finally came to a shouting climax. Afterward, they lay locked in each other's arms, smelling the earthen scents of the scattered soil and their own bodies. Eventually they slept.

Theo didn't know how long it had been, but when he awakened, smells of neighbors' suppers greeted him — garlic, onions, some kind of pasta cooking somewhere. With a sudden pang in his bowels, he realized he hadn't eaten all day.

He looked down at their bodies, still intertwined in the mess. On their legs, crusted sweat clumped with dirt and dust-bunnies. Silvery snail trails of semen clung to their hips and thighs. He turned his head to Sarah and found her gazing at him.

He reached out his right hand and extended tentative fingers. She lifted up her left hand, and inched it slowly toward his fingers, stopping halfway. Finally, they made contact, tips barely touching, still totally connected — like God and Adam on the Sistine ceiling.

Sounds of car horns and sirens drifted up from the street below — and out in the hallway, elderly voices laughed softly as they stepped onto the elevator.

---

*Fred Schloemer, Ed.D., LCSW, is a private practice psychotherapist and professor of social work in Louisville, Kentucky.*



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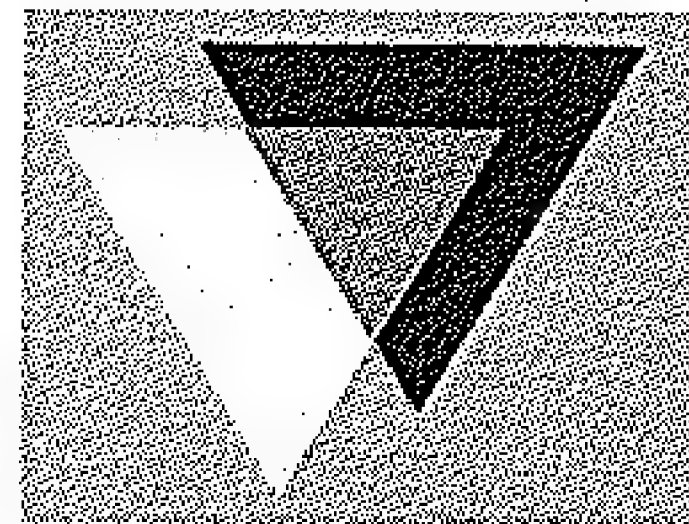
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## BiNet USA

PO Box 7327

Langley Park, MD 20787

E-mail: [BiNetUSA@aol.com](mailto:BiNetUSA@aol.com)



## What is BiNet USA?

BiNet USA is the oldest and largest national Bisexual organization in the USA. Our mission is to collect and distribute information regarding Bisexuality; to facilitate the development of Bisexual community and visibility; to work for the equal rights of Bisexuals and all oppressed peoples; and to eradicate all forms of oppression inside and outside the Bisexual community. We are committed to being affirmatively inclusive of a multicultural constituency and political agenda. Becoming a member of BiNet USA is an opportunity to join with others who share your vision of a Bi-friendly world, and who recognize the value and power of a vibrant national political action organization of Bisexuals and Bi-friendly supporters. We have a great future ahead of us, and we look forward to welcoming you to our ranks.

## Yes, I want to join BiNet USA!

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Postal Address: \_\_\_\_\_

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Is discretion necessary? Yes \_\_\_ No \_\_\_

*BiNet USA asks that each member donate \$1 per \$1,000 of annual income. For those who are able, we ask that you consider donating between \$1 and \$10 per \$1,000 income (between 0.1% and 1%). No one is denied membership due to lack of funds. Dues can be waived for those unable to pay.*

**Mail to: BiNet USA, P.O. Box 7327, Langley Park, MD 20787**



# Bi Rights & Turning Tides:

## spreading the true good news

by Linda Howard

*When I first sat down to write this article, the words that followed were very different. At first, they were the words of frustration, the anger of the oppressed, the sorrow of the wronged, the howl of the unjustly accused. And although all those feelings are not just understandable but justifiable, I am proud that the text that follows now is different. The words that follow now are a message of hope and strength.*

### The past

Earlier this year, a coalition of Religious Right political lobby groups, including the Christian Coalition, the Family Research Council, Concerned Women for America, and nine others, unveiled a national ad campaign that proclaimed that homosexuals not only could, but should, change.

These ads purported to seek an "open debate" on homosexuality. In reality, they sought no such thing, for how open can any debate be that is initiated with misconceptions, half-truths and stereotypes? Instead, the Religious Right labeled homosexuality a mental illness, even though the American Psychiatric Association declared homosexuals sane back in 1973, joined in this prognosis by the American Psychological Association. The Right alleged that homosexuals were by and large dysfunctional — prone to "gender narcissism" and borderline personalities, more likely to smoke and use drugs, most likely to catch AIDS or other sexually transmitted diseases. They blamed homosexuality on emotionally absent fathers (for gay men) and childhood sexual abuse (for lesbians). And they said that they all lacked moral religious guidance, that they chose to be queer because they had a "God-shaped hole" in their hearts.

In response, the Human Rights Campaign launched a counter-initiative in the form of a copycat ad. Starring a

Minnesota lesbian and her parents, the ad appealed to the same audience the Right had targeted — generally middle- to upper-class, white, heartland Americans. It refuted the Right's arguments on the grounds that homosexuality was genetic, like ethnicity, and that everyone deserved equal rights. Unfortunately, for many queer activists, the HRC ad was so similar it seemed more like parody — "We bike. We cross-country ski. We're Republicans." — and the "everyone" it mentioned seemed to be primarily "everyone who can pass for straight".

Neither side, it should be noted, mentioned bisexuals or transsexuals.

And with good reason.

### The present

The problem with the nature-nurture argument regarding sexual orientation is that it ignores the complexity that is human sexuality. We are not binary machines in which something is either a 0 or a 1, end of discussion. Between nature, the genetic factors of same-sex attraction, and nurture, the environmental factors involved, lies one small but incredibly important word: *choice*.

The problem with the Religious Right's stance is that its leaders are trying to force everyone to live by their own particular moral code. Considering that studies have found a







Photo courtesy of ATM archives.

direct correlation between anti-queer propaganda and anti-queer violence, their overall stance is not dissimilar to that of the Crusades — convert or die.

The problem with the HRC's ad and any solely genetics-based argument is that is basically comes down to, we're queer because we can't help it.

The solution, of course, is to look somewhere in-between, to look in the places others are avoiding. And as one bi activist wryly noted, "Bisexuality is the answer to the question no one is asking."

The question: Is it possible for sexual orientation to be a matter of individual moral and ethical choice, rather than the sole dictate of a genetic or fundamentalist Christian religious code?

Because therein lies the truth: Everyone has the right, the freedom, to love whomever they choose. They have the right to make their own moral choices. Bisexuals, and all of our fellow queers — gays, lesbians, transfolk, drag queens and kings — are the walking, breathing proof of that. As are heterosexuals.

We all have these rights, protected under law as far back as the Declaration of Independence, which mandated that we all have the rights to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness".

## *The future*

This is why these words are a message of hope. Despite Matthew Shepard's tragic death, and all the other deaths that have preceded it, and those that probably lie ahead. Despite the Right's new set of television ads that call homosexuality a "bad choice" and compare it to drug use.

Despite everything, the tide is turning. I can hear it as I write these words.

It turns in the number of major, mainstream gay and lesbian organizations who were not just willing but ecstatic to add their support to the ad stapled into the center of this magazine. This is a ground-breaking moment for the bisexual movement, to be able to unite so much of our community in a positive response to the Right's campaign of intolerance, and to be the leaders in this initiative, rather than just the signers in someone else's action.

It turns in the thousands of people who showed up in Manhattan during evening rush hour for a memorial to Matthew Shepard, who braved police batons and arrest to make sure his death would not be forgotten; and in the thousands more who attended a vigil in Washington, D.C. on the same topic; and in each and every individual person who went to a vigil for Shepard anywhere, so that the grieving process could begin, and so our sorrow and pain could not be overlooked or ignored.

It turns with every letter written to a Congressperson, governor, mayor, or council member, supporting the right of all of us to exist in peace regardless of our race, gender, age, sexual orientation, gender identity, ability, or any other factor.

It turns whenever someone stands up and interrupts hate-based speech, meeting ignorance with education, stereotypes with reality, fiction with facts.

It turns whenever we remember that we are all one people, brothers and sisters all, and that our differences only serve to enhance the whole. And because we are one, we must stand up for freedom, justice, and equality for all people.

And it turns every time any of us stands up and comes out as bisexual, for the more we speak out, the more visible we become, the less any of us have to fear. As former BiNet USA editor Gerard Palmieri observed, "It is incumbent upon us, all of us, regardless of how we self-identify, to lead ourselves, to love ourselves, to challenge ourselves, to be out, to speak out and to serve as the re-definition of gender, sexuality, and family values."

"The personal is political," veteran bi activist Lani Ka'ahumanu told me when I sought her advice. "We have every right to be in the world exactly as we are — remember we are fierce, remember we are strong, remember we are courageous, and must be outrageously ourselves."

And that is why this is a message of hope, because we all have the ability, the love and the determination to keep turning the tide; to speak up, to speak out, and defend our freedom until all of us — bi, gay, lesbian, transgendered, intersexed, and heterosexual — have the right to be outrageously ourselves.

*Linda Howard is out as a loud, polyamorous, bisexual editrix, and still considers that last label much more dubious than all the others.*



Photo courtesy of ATM archives.



# Speak Out! Speak Up!

## Using this ad at a local level

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**"We have every right  
to be in the world  
exactly as we are —  
remember we are fierce,  
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**- Lani Ka'ahumanu**

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1. Target your audience and determine which publications you wish to use to get their attention. Major metropolitan daily newspapers are often too expensive for smaller groups to afford; remember that weekly papers, community papers, shopping circulars, and alternative papers are often equally effective in spreading the word. Additionally, you can use the less expensive ads to raise money toward placement in a larger publication by increasing public awareness of the issue. Also, if your organization is a non-profit or sponsored non-profit project, see whether the publication has any discounts for non-profits; many do.
2. Contact the publication's advertising or business department (this information is almost always printed in the publication's staff box or masthead, which generally appears near the front of the editorial section in newspapers and near or on the table of contents in magazines). Find out what the publication's rates are for a full-page ad (for 11 1/2"x17" publications, use the included poster; for magazines and other 8 1/2"x11" publications, use the ad on p. 33). Also find out what the publication's deadlines are — sometimes newspapers will offer less-expensive rates to advertisers who are willing to have their ad appear sometime during a 10-day window, rather than on a specific day.
3. Find out if the publication is going to have any upcoming special focuses or editorial specials on queer rights, hate crimes or the ex-gay controversy. Some papers have a special rate for special relevant sections; at the very least, you can ensure that your ad is most timely.
4. Finally, find out if there are any special specifications you need to worry about. Some publications require that ads be submitted in a specific form, and charge extra for ads they have to reformat. If the publication prefers to receive an electronic version of the ad, you can download an encapsulated postscript (EPS) graphic from the *Anything That Moves* Web site ([www.anythingthatmoves.com](http://www.anythingthatmoves.com)). Confirm all specifications in writing, to ensure that your ad will appear exactly as you want, when you want, and how you want.
5. Ask other lesbian and trans groups to help pay or fundraise for the cost of placing the ad — after all, if more than 10 national queer organizations happily signed on to support the ad in the first place, support at the local level should be just as forthcoming.
6. Become an activist at the local level. Send this ad to your local publication's political or lifestyle editors with a letter describing the issues and asking them to cover it as a story. Remember to include contact information for your group, and make sure you're well-versed on the subject before doing this — if you need background material, contact BiNet USA ([www.binetusa.org](http://www.binetusa.org) or 202-986-7186).



*Toward a new national discussion of sexual orientation.*



If you really love someone,  
you'll tell them the truth.



The Christian Coalition, Family Research Council, Concerned Women for America, and the American Family Association (partial list) used this slogan in recently published anti-gay ads claiming to have cured homosexuals of their behavior. The ensuing debates on morality, genetics or unlearning behavior all miss an important point — we have the right to love whomever we choose. The truth is, human sexuality is far richer and more multifaceted than we're taught to believe. The truth is that neither science, nor politics, nor religion can yet define the genesis of sexual orientation. Most likely each of us is a complex mix of nature and nurture.

**The truth is, many people are bisexual.**

Bisexual people have the capacity for emotional, romantic, loving and/or physical attraction to more than one gender. Some of these so-called ex-gays are undoubtedly bisexual. Bisexuals can choose to be open to the full range of possibilities, but our bisexuality is the potential, not the requirement, for involvement with more than one gender. Some bisexual people choose to be in committed monogamous relationships; some choose other forms of relationships and commitments. Heterosexual and homosexual people also make these choices.

Bisexuals come from all cultures, all religious and spiritual beliefs, all sizes and abilities, all social strata and walks of life. Some of us are just like you. Some of us are nothing like you. But we are bound together by one important factor: we believe in the freedom to love whom we choose.

**THE TRUTH IS, ALL OF US —  
BISEXUAL, LESBIAN, GAY, TRANSGENDER, HETEROSEXUAL —  
DESERVE THE RIGHT TO LOVE WHOM WE CHOOSE.**

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**The truth is, love is about honor and respect for yourself and others.**

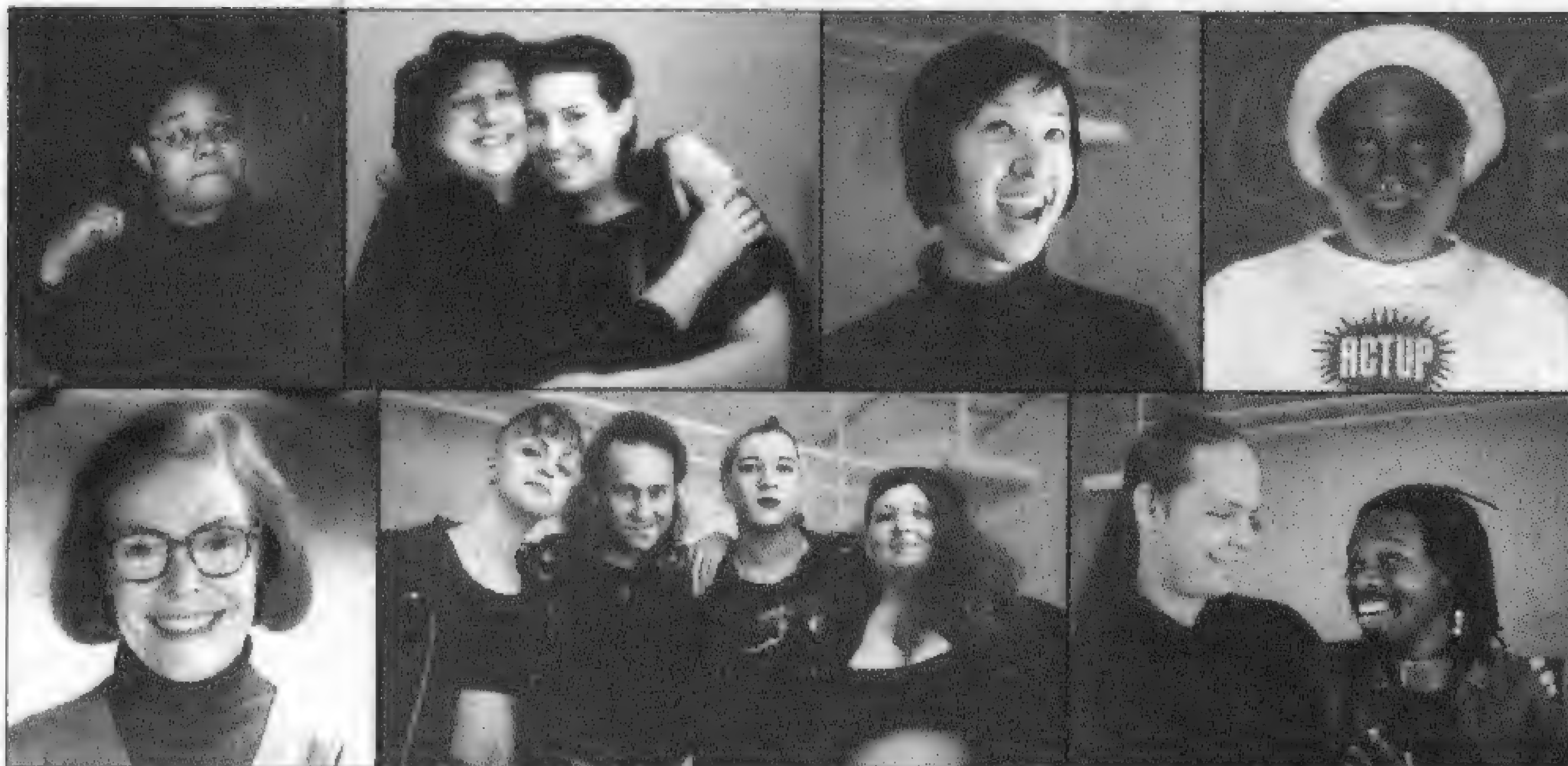
The truth is, these "ex-gay" ads sow hatred and intolerance. These organizations are seeking to define sexuality, gender, and family solely in their own image. It is an offense to the human spirit for any group to impose their beliefs as the one true way and to tell people to reject and hate themselves and each other because they do not fit a certain mold. That is not love.

Love, between people who care for each other regardless of the genders involved, is an important family value that strengthens our society and enriches all our lives. Love is an essential part of life and a celebration of the human spirit. The truth is that the families we create, in whatever form, are precious and entitled to respect and to equal protection under the law.

**The truth is, love makes a family.**

As human beings we are born with the right and ability to love, to change and to choose as we grow. We must all have the option to choose to get married or not. We must all have the right to have and to raise children or not. All our relationships and families must be equally valued. We must have the right to walk down the street holding hands without the threat of violence. We must have the right to live, to work and love without fear of discrimination of any sort. We must have the right to make our own moral and ethical decisions based on our own personal integrity.





## *If you really love someone, you'll tell them the truth.*

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**Gay, Lesbian & Straight Education  
Network**  
[www.glsen.org](http://www.glsen.org)

**Gay & Lesbian Alliance Against  
Defamation**  
[www.glaad.org](http://www.glaad.org)

**GenderPAC**  
[www.Gpac.org](http://www.Gpac.org)

**International Gay & Lesbian  
Human Rights Commission**  
[www.iglhrc.org](http://www.iglhrc.org)

**LLEGÓ: The Nat'l Latina/o Lesbian,  
Gay, Bisexual & Transgender  
Organization**  
[AquiLGBT@LLEGO.ORG](mailto:AquiLGBT@LLEGO.ORG)

**Nat'l Black Lesbian & Gay Leadership  
Forum**  
[NBLGLF@aol.com](mailto:NBLGLF@aol.com)

**Nat'l Gay & Lesbian Task Force**  
[www.nglftf.org](http://www.nglftf.org)

**Nat'l Youth Advocacy Coalition**  
[NYOUTHAC@aol.com](mailto:NYOUTHAC@aol.com)

**Parents, Families & Friends of  
Lesbians & Gays**  
(202) 638-4200





Sayer Frey

# Observations of a Spy on a Spy:

## ATM interviews independent filmmaker Sayer Frey

by Jenny Bitner

photos supplied by Sayer Frey

If we are all voyeurs in the '90s — watching lives unfold on talk shows, creating our own porn Web sites where we can be stars — then Sayer Frey's first film *Eileen Is a Spy* investigates a voyeurism that delves deep below society's surface.

Eileen, the main character in Sayer's film, keeps a journal and constantly spies on people in the small rural town where she lives. She collects road kill and buries it or takes it home with her. The film is a combination of recent footage shot on location in coffee shops, county fairs, and farms, and old family footage from Sayer's grandfather's home movies.

In *Eileen*, Sayer creates a character similar to the young protagonist Harriet in the children's book *Harriet the Spy*. Harriet, Sayer says, is a "strong, capable girl" who goes about "sneaking around behind dumbwaiters, writing down all these secrets she thinks people have. She observes things that are

pretty dysfunctional." Eileen, on the other hand, is a grown woman who, because of extreme abuse, lives her life as a spy on other people's lives. In turn, the audience is given the chance to spy not only on Eileen's actions, but on her inner dialogue as well.

To make *Eileen*, Sayer mirrored her own heroine, gaining a window into the lives of rural American women by interviewing them about their childhoods and their feelings toward sexuality and relationships. Their responses form a Greek chorus in the back of the movie, giving voice to the questions and feelings that Eileen can't express. Often, they speak about abuse, or about how the "normal" state of being a girl in America is an abusive situation.

I interviewed Sayer in the San Francisco bed and breakfast where she was staying for her film's debut at the San Francisco Bisexual Film Festival.





Still photo from *Eileen Is A Spy*.

“The  
‘normal’  
state of  
being  
a girl in  
America  
is an  
abusive  
situation.”

## On Spying on Women

“My favorite thing is knowing what women think, because that’s the most subversive kind of thing for me to know, to ask a lot of women these questions that I had no guidelines or guidance growing up with. You don’t often know in this culture what women really feel and think — truthful things, not the media image of what we grow up with.

“It’s funny because you think, oh it’s very easy to go interview someone about anything, because we have this whole premise of an interview culture with the Oprahs and Montels. It seems like it should just be impersonal to ask people questions, but for me it’s very personal. My questions reveal things about me as much as when someone answers the questions that I ask.

“I wanted to feel comfortable with the people I was asking these personal questions to, so that meant they were either friends, family, or friends of my friends or family that I knew would not be very closed. I knew they would be willing to answer those kinds of questions... I did it and I did it until I was satisfied and had interesting things that fit what I wanted to say about the character, and a general overview of the continuum of experience with one’s sexual identity.

“I learned a lot about myself through hearing them. It’s like any mirroring of identity. You sort of don’t know. Maybe you don’t know you’re bisexual, and you meet someone and they just are, and you go ‘Oh, wow.’

“The process of me going and talking to people felt very much like the process of spying.”

## What did you want to know?

“What their friendships were like — with girls, as girls. In some cases I knew some women were bisexual. In some cases I knew some women were lesbian. In some cases I knew some women were straight.

“I went from that view of sexuality. I wanted to know what three different camps of women thought about their childhood as girls, about some of their first attractions. I asked a lot of questions that didn’t get in the movie. I have a lot of material about masturbation; things that aren’t talked about around women’s sexuality, talked about in an emotional, spiritual exchange.

“I’ve always needed to know more about why these funny attributes were added on to us as human beings — the heels, the physical stuff, the etiquettes. That information may not be as important in an urban area, I don’t know, but I came from a town of 2,000 people in the rural Midwest. In a very small place, there becomes a strict code of etiquette of what you can and cannot do as a woman.

“That’s why I’m interested in it.”

**See “Observations” (p.36)**



**"Observations" (from p.35)**

## Women are comfortable with their sexuality in the '90s: Myth?

"Yeah, that'd be nice.

"I mean, I want to believe that, and I want to find these women who are, but I still think it's more contradictory and more complicated than even the women who are doing well with it — and are convinced that they are — really think."

## On Sexuality

"One woman talked about being disembodied; her body was just something that just hung on her, that she disconnected from. And she had sex anyway.

"That's not necessarily uncommon to at least a pool of women I know — trying to find the place as a woman of being in charge of your sexuality because of the notion of passivity,

which I very much grew up with. I didn't know women who took charge of their sexuality. It was always something you had to ward off, or not let get out of hand. It was always this thing coming at you."

## On the Abuse of Women

"There's always a question of, how much do I want this story to be perceived as lesbian, how much as bisexual, how much about abuse. I think the story, for the character, is about the abuse and finding some sort of remedy for that in terms of learning about herself.

"Strangely enough, some women don't think they're abused. They've been abused and I don't know, sometimes that's a personal decision of how you define that for yourself. And sometimes it's just abusive relationships.

"One of the interviews contained a line I wanted to get in but never did, [from] the one woman who hadn't had any sort of abusive relationship, skipped out of all of it. By the time I interviewed her, my questions were presuming all women had



Still photo from *Eileen Is A Spy*.



"I think the story, for the character, is about the abuse and finding some sort of remedy for that in terms of learning about herself."

experienced some kind of degrading experience with their sexuality. She said, 'I don't get it. I don't get these questions. I'm really lucky. I'm one of the only women of my friends who hasn't been abused, and I commiserate with them and care about them, but I feel like a minority among my friends.'"

## On Making *Eileen*

"When you edit documentaries, you try to find the story within the material. In this situation, I had a story from which to branch out, and yet I couldn't dictate, in terms of the way people answered my questions, what kind of material I would get back. Editing that together in a way that made sense but also took the story beyond just the fictional story and just what the women were saying in the background, and [making] it into a third entity as a mix — that was very difficult. It was like carving something out of nothing."



Sayer Frey (right) at the Film Festival, with organizer Jeff Ross (left) and another guest of the Festival. Photo by Jenny Bitner.



From *Eileen Is A Spy*.

"That's why I think women's cinema is so different, if given the total perseverance to do it the way that you really feel is the truth."

"I struggled, too, with the storytelling aspect, wanting to tell a story that has to be somewhat linear, yet at the same time knowing that so much is non-linear, especially about identity, and especially about relationships with people. I don't know any relationship that is linear. Yes, one day follows another, but in terms of the dynamics and the psychological connection between two people and all the things that come up... sometimes you're at this point and you're somewhat serene, and then all of a sudden.... It's really fluid, much like sexuality. You can't just bottle it and say, 'November 2, 1998'."

## Where Can We See *Eileen*?

"Our goal is to hit other festivals and try to find distributors. We'll probably get a small distributor, so hopefully it will show up at small theaters some time next year. We're planning on eight months to try to get it distributed."

"There's this film called *Mary Jane's Not a Virgin Anymore*. [SF Filmmaker] Sarah Jacobson couldn't get distribution, or [only] a certain kind anyway, so now she just takes her film to colleges, sets it up and 'four walls' it. [That's] where you basically do theatrical showings yourself around the country. If I can't get a response, I'll probably do something like that."

*Jenny Bitner is poetry editor for Anything That Moves. She has finished a poetry manuscript, Tracking Disturbances, and lives in the Western Addition of San Francisco with five housemates, two cats, and lots of books.*





*Confessions of a*

# Tantric androgynē

by Ganapati Sivananda Durgadas

*photos by Amy Conger*

if they have  
broadish and long hair coming  
they call it a woman

if beard and whistlerish  
they call it a man

but, look, the self that hoverish  
in between  
is neither man  
nor woman

- Devara Dasimayya, 10th century CE<sup>1</sup>



**L**y father often eyed me with distrust. During one of his frequent rages at my mother, he pointedly told me he doubted I was his biological offspring.

I wonder whether his machismo allowed him the empathy to realize the irony in his breaking the news in a tone of concern for me. I think my father's concern was genuine, but I was beyond caring by the time of this supposed revelation. As a teenager, I had so successfully learned to numb myself against his almost uninterrupted stream of emotional, verbal and physical abuse that I felt only the dullest and haziest irritation in response.

I suspect what rankled my father was my not being the man he was. Fact was, I had only a vague notion I was a "boy," some generic social group or category I was supposed to merge into, but which I was only doing a half-hearted job of accomplishing. From the start I was possessed by the sense that maleness was more like something imposed from outside rather than generated from within. I was aware of having a self, of being someone in a body, but not necessarily a boychild's body governed by an intrinsic "male" character. There was definitely an interior feeling of girlishness I knew I could not afford anyone else discovering. Externally there was femme fleshiness because of my fatness, which I tried hiding because of a shame indoctrinated into me by others. I can't say I felt completely "female" because I didn't know what that was anymore than I knew what being completely "male" felt like. Yet I was terrified to realize I was past the boundaries, somewhere in between. I was frightened into secrecy.

**F**or my *Puertorriqueño* father, maleness was definitely a predetermined hereditary repertoire of traits expected to be automatically passed on with his genes. He became repeatedly enraged that I did not meet his expectations, as if I purposely refused to do so. For me it was all a game: a series of roles played to keep my skin intact. I had secrets, like my love of dolls and my desire to trade in my ugly green or gray chinos for the flow of skirts. By the early '60s I was able to make a poor compromise with baggy shirts over jeans. This improved with the hippie counter-culture's inception: I wore gender-noncommittal clothes and third-world ethnic wear.

This signified the physical and emotional space I was putting between my aging father and myself while I escaped his household via the release of drugs and sexual exploration.

With the glitter/glam of the early '70s, the pop-culture aftermath to Stonewall — and my father's not-coincidental death — I finally permitted myself to live fully within the borderland between male and female. From unisexual hippie through would-be Bowie boy, I moved on to semi- and then full drag. I relished all the stops along the way, but still felt not quite fulfilled.

Reflecting this was my bisexuality. With innumerable male and female partners, I felt like a shifting presence within each of their embraces. I was a screen onto which they projected specific definitions of maleness and femaleness. What surprised me was their apparent certainty of being a man or a woman. I resented the accompanying demand, either implied or explicit, that I conform completely to their definitions of who I was or should be.

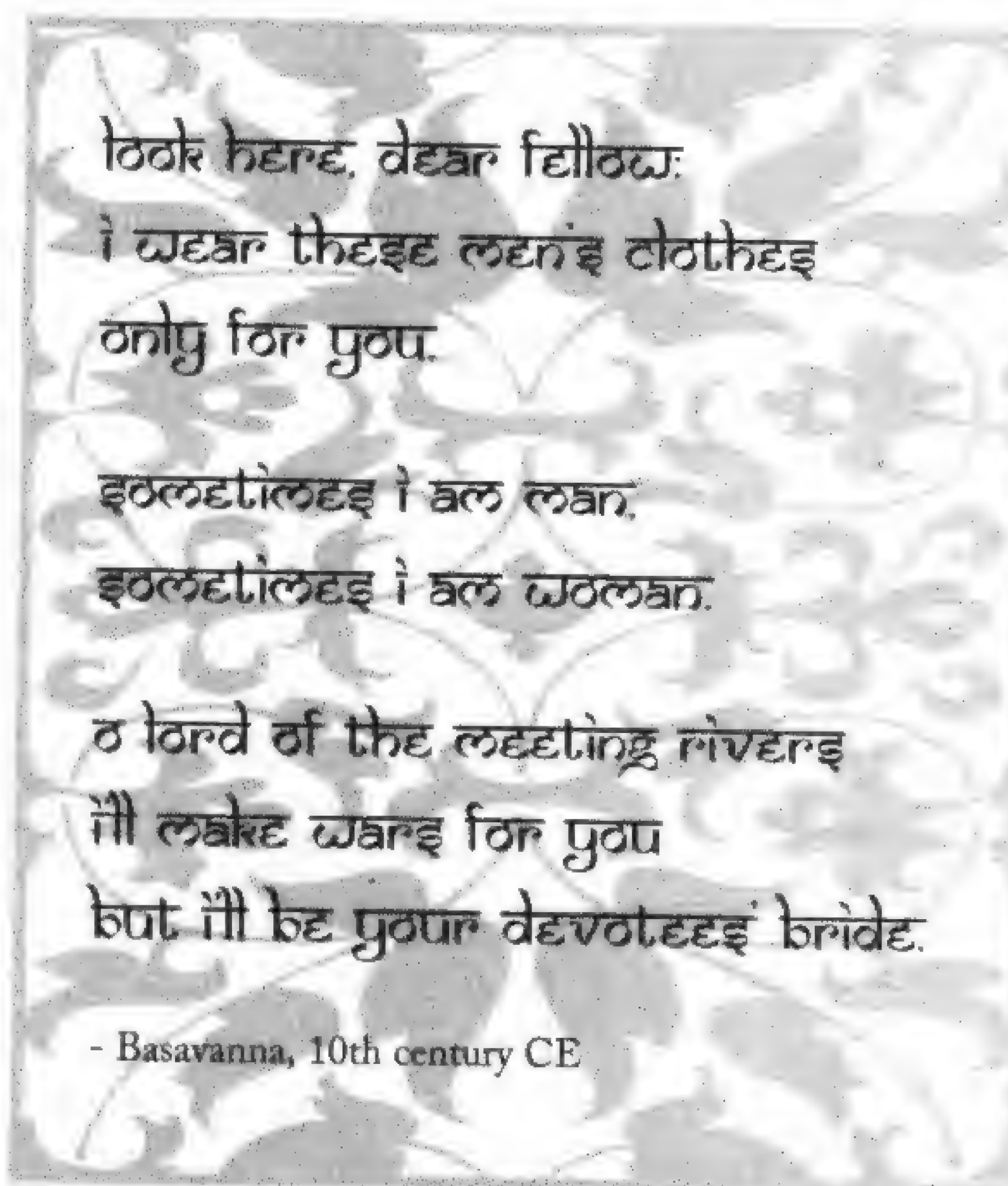
Men either wanted me to be their femme, to service and nurture them, or else rejected my obvious androgyny because it sug-

gested a feminine side to gayness which they escaped via hyper-butchness. Ironically, they sometimes carried that extreme into blatant drag itself. Women, even those I thought ardent feminists, expected me automatically to "top" them; that is, to be an utterly phallic male in bed, if nowhere else.

Almost every one of my lovers, with few notable exceptions, had shockingly rigid inner gender schema, which they sprang upon me within moments of initiating intimacy.

By now I have become pretty blasé about the regularity of this. It's become routine. Yet the expectation that I conform, "be a man", still triggers a hesitation in me, while simultaneously dulling any incipient desire. It's back to playing the accustomed charade of childhood and adolescence: passing as the gender others want me to be, distilling whatever enjoyment remains while going through the motions.

*See "Tantric Androgyne" (p.40)*



ತೋ ಹೇಡ, ವೇಡ ದಿಲಿವ:

ಃ ವೇಡ ತೇಡೆ ಲೇಡೆ ತೋಡೆ

ತೋಗಿ ತಿ ಗುರು.

ಓಲೇಲೇಡೆ ಃ ಕಲ ಲಾ.

ಓಲೇಲೇಡೆ ಃ ಕಲ ವಲಾ.

ಠ ತೋ ಠ ತೇ ಲೇಡೆಗ್ಗೇ ತೇಡೆ

ಃ ಲೇಡೆ ವೇಡ ತಿ ಗುರು

but ಃ ಹೆ ಗುರು ವೇಡೇಡೆ ಬೇಡೆ.

- Basavanna, 10th century CE



## "Tantric Androgyne" (from p.39)

Parallel to my sexual exploration has been my spiritual search. Gender outlawry creates an imperative to try to figure yourself out. A hopeless bibliophile, I sought solace in books during periods of often socially imposed isolation — Jungian psychology, gay liberation manifestos on genderfuck, bios of androgynous pop stars and coffee-table photobooks full of shemales. I searched for reflections of the inner me that I was defiantly revealing to the outside world. I ransacked stacks of mythology featuring twin-sexed gods like Dionysus and Yemaya-Olukum, or discovered anthropological ancestors like the *hijra* and the *berdache*.

The Divine Itself was a shemale. God appeared to be most at home in that borderland between male and female. Most human beings had fallen into a spiritual exile because of their gender dualisms, which they mistook for reality. For this reason, occultism and mysticism developed a seductive hold on me. I began practicing meditation and mild yoga, and studied Eastern philosophy after a long fling with Neopaganism.

Then I discovered Tantrism, a branch of Hindu and Buddhist spiritual practice. Tantra guiltlessly uses sexual symbolism and openly accepts androgyny as much as the West shuns and suppresses it. And it was with Tantric Hinduism that I finally felt that I had come home.

In Hinduism, the feminine is the dynamic creative principle while the masculine is the cognitive or conscious one. Shakti is the Divine Feminine side of God personified as the Maha-Devi, or Great Goddess of Many Names: Ambika, Parvati, Uma; Annapurna in Her pacific aspects; Kali, Durga, Tara in Her militant aspects. She is the Universal Mother and the active power of the universe.

Shaktism constitutes a separate yet affiliated sect of Hinduism that overlaps with Shaivism, the sect of Her consort, Lord Siva. Both descend from the original matriarchal religion of the Indus Valley civilization that dominated the Indian subcontinent prior to the patriarchal Aryans who imposed the orthodox Brahminism when they gained power.

A Hindu counterculture that runs in parallel opposition to Brahminism, Tantrism disregards orthodoxy's caste and gender proscriptions. It's a resurgence of India's primal faith of Shiva and Shakti and a religion of the masses. It is also a movement of social protest and a school of esoterica. Its life-affirming, non-dualistic philosophy has provided a strong counterbalance to the mind/body splitting asceticism and social elitism that periodically overcome all Indian-based religions, Hinduism, Buddhism and Jainism included. Tantra returns one to the borderland between male and female, not as a patriarchally<sup>3</sup> defined mistake of nature, but as an emanation of Sacred Reality.

Tantra is not just an assortment of esoteric schools, nor is it the ancient collection of sex manuals that some Western populizers might have it. It's a mindset, a way of life in which one gradually withdraws from dualistic and compartmentalized perceptions of ourselves and the universe — a universe we're intimately a part of, but which we've been brainwashed into thinking is opposed to us.

Hinduism thrives heartily upon contradictions. The most ascetic sects live alongside the most sensual, with nothing more than a mild philosophical debate between them. More a way of life than a religion per se, conservatism coexists with the broadest sorts of tolerance. You can find the most sharply defined sex-roles assigned to biologically defined men and women, as well as changes exerted by feminism and modernism, along with sanctified castes of transgendered people<sup>4</sup>, all accepted within the same spiritual and social spectrum. It doesn't hurt that Hinduism's main deities, such as Shiva, Durga and Vishnu, are omnierotic and pangendered.

Within this religious context, I can acceptably wear multiple earrings and nose-rings, cosmetics and extensive jewelry — not to mention my torso and arms full of God/dess tattoos — along with a waist gown (called a *dhori*, and usually made of cotton or silk).

By helping us withdraw from the false, imposed dualisms that attach constricting and alienating identities upon us, Tantra offers a healing philosophy and set of practices.

locke of ehoing red hair  
 a caron of vialonve  
 ilali beautiful teeth  
 and dyed in a laughing face  
 that light up fourteen wove  
 i kaw hie gloy  
 and eding i vadi today  
 the kline in ly dyed  
 i kaw the haughty laiter  
 for wotol len, all len  
 and but wolen, wove  
 i kaw the great one  
 who play at love  
 with ehakti  
 original to the wove  
 i kaw hie stance  
 and began to live

- Mahadeviyakka, 10th century CE



These enable us to tap into, even merge with the underlying Divine Wholeness that sustains the incessant flow of phenomena we mistake for a static and sharply categorized world.

Through Tantric Hinduism, I achieve a fulfillment never felt before. There were occasions where I came close, but those other times were hemmed by a fear created by the clear and present fact that such fulfillment was only acceptable among fellow outlaws, along with a realistic danger accompanying it. The difference here is that I am given tacit spiritual approval.

Sometimes I am even given explicit approval as well. Five years ago, during a temple festival commemorating the completion and consecration of several shrine areas and the installation of the deities within them, a visiting *Vaishnava brahmana* (priest of Vishnu) repeatedly expressed curiosity about me. At first, I thought it was about my appearance, one of the few times I've felt self-conscious about it among my Hindu peers. However, I learned it was instead my obviously non-South-Asian ethnicity that piqued his interest. Explaining my androgyny, my adopted brother Balu, the assistant temple priest, explained that I was a convert and an *Ardhanarisvari*, a *bhakta* or devotee of God in His/Her half-male/half-female form of *Ardhanarisvara*. From that moment on, the visiting priest treated me with the most affectionate courtesy.

It's difficult to correlate our dichotomous Western culture with India's polycentric one, and Western categories of sexual orientation and gender generally do not translate very well into those in India.

For example, those the West classifies separately as strictly gay, lesbian or categorically transsexual all constitute "the third nature" (*Tritiya Prakriti*) or intersexually intercaste (intercaste because, the logic goes, none are prone to actively seek to procreate and thus, unlike heterosexuals, are not bound by the hereditary caste guidelines).<sup>5</sup>

Moreover, I fall into the spectrum between these two categories because, although androgynous in gender variation, I am bisexual. This makes the number of India's categories of sexual orientation four, compared to the West's standard two.

If only my father could really see me now.

*Ganapati Shivananda Durgadas is a fifty-one year old Hindu with a Master's in Psychology. After more than thirteen years in Human Services and Social Activism, he is more than ever convinced that lasting solutions to suffering can only be found spiritually.*

#### Footnotes:

1. This and succeeding poems are free-verse lyrics written by South Indian Shaiva *bhaktis* (mystics devoted to the God Siva), collected and translated in A.K. Ramanujan's *Speaking of Siva* (Penguin Books: 1973, Baltimore, MD).
2. See *History of Shakta Religion* (Narendra Nath Bhattacharyya, Manoharlal Publishers: 1974, New Delhi, India); *The Indian Mother Goddess*, 2nd Ed. (Narendra Nath Bhattacharyya, Manohar Book Service: 1977, Delhi, India); *While the Gods Play* (Alain Danielou, Inner Traditions International: 1987, Rochester, VT); and *Gods of Love and Ecstasy* (ibid).
3. See *The Tantric Way: Art, Science, Ritual* (Ajit Mookerjee and Madhu Khanna, New York Graphic Society: 1977, Boston, MA); *Shakti and Shakta* (Arthur Avalon, Dover Publications: 1978, New York, NY); *Kashmir Shaivism: The Central Philosophy of Tantrism* (Kamalakar Mishra, Rudra Press: 1993, Cambridge, MA); and *The Tantric Tradition* (Agehananda Bharati, Samuel Weiser: 1975, New York, NY).
4. Most noted in the West is the *Hijra*, a Persian-influenced North Indian term. *Joggapa* is the South Indian languages' equivalent. They constitute a legitimate third sex, yet it is difficult to accurately characterize them in Western terms because gradations of transgenderism are classified in this category, including sacred transvestites, cross-dressing sex workers and transsexuals in various pre-, post-, and non-operative stages. South India's *Joggapa* are a caste of transgendered person predominantly at the transvestite side and sacerdotal in vocation. The *Hijra* lean towards the transsexual side, and labor in various vocations. Individual variations are many. See *Neither Man Nor Woman: The Third Sex of India* (Serena Nanda, Wadsworth: 1990, Belmont, CA) and "The Hijras of India: Cultural, Social and Individual Dimensions of an Institutional Third Gender Role," *Third Sex, Third Gender* (Gilbert Herdt, ed., Zone Books: 1994, Cambridge, MA).
5. See *While the Gods Play* and *Virtue, Success, Pleasure, Liberation: The Four Aims of life in the Tradition of Ancient India* (Inner Traditions: 1992, Rochester, VT). The contemporary fading of caste is likely to effect added modifications to this schema, but this all only confirms the social construction behind gender.



**Ardhanarishvara**

Red sandstone

10-11th century, Western India

B73 S16, The Avery Brundage Collection, Asian Art Museum of San Francisco.

*In the Hindu Tantric tradition this sensuous hermaphroditic icon represents the Divine Pair (female & male) in one body fused down the center. Here it is Parvati as the female, with chignon and breast; Her husband Shiva is indicated by matted locks and third eye.*





# Summer Fantasy

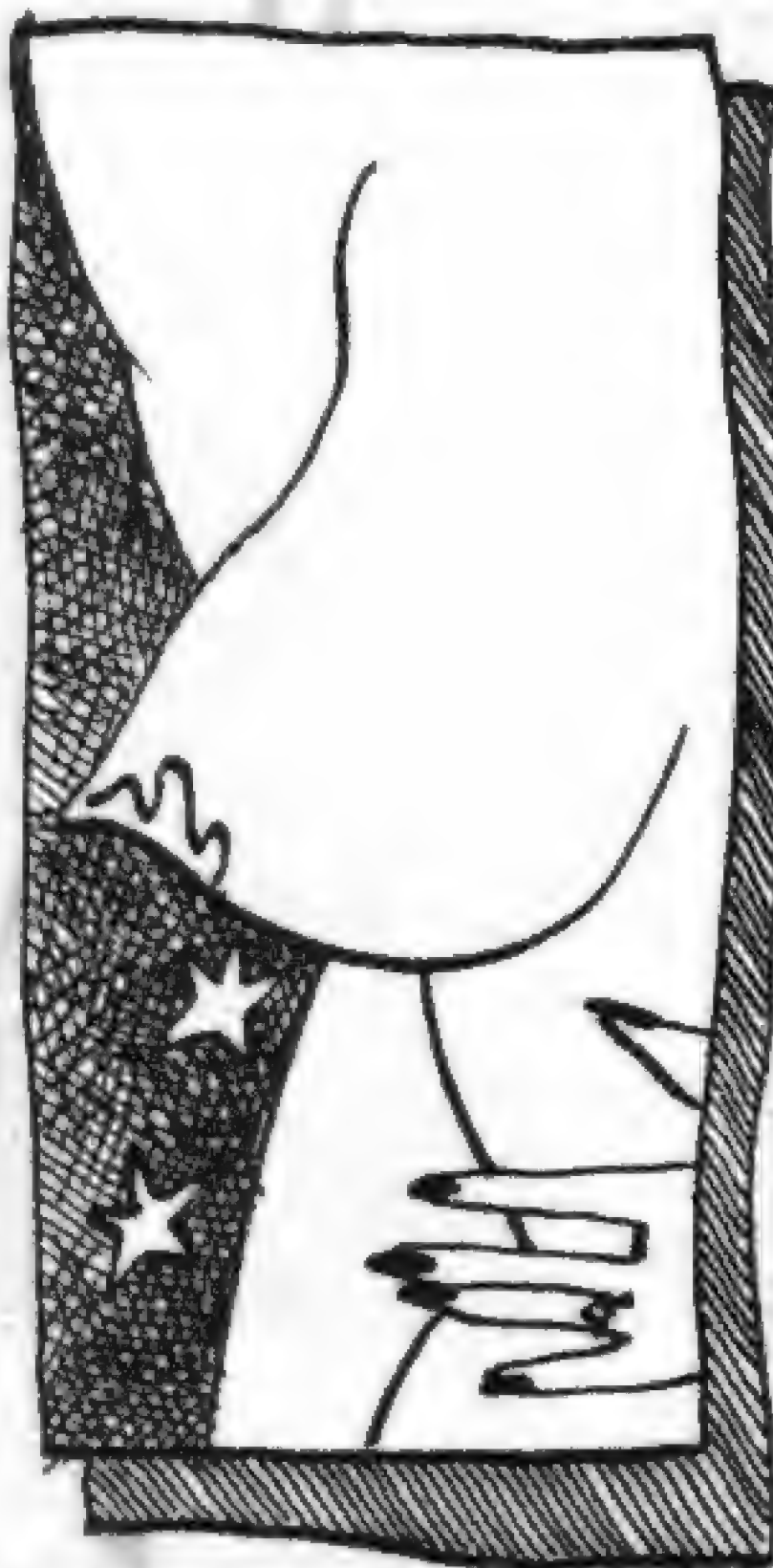
story and art by Gabi Wald

I wake up, and it is night.

Hot longings torment me between my thighs. My husband is traveling abroad. The kids are sleeping over at their grandparents'. On the other side of the river, after a fuck, my lover is sleeping next to his girlfriend.

I imagine how he did it with her. I know how well his tongue understands how to serve a pussy's clit and lips until the slit is dripping wet and their owner is begging for thrusts.

I rub my buds to hard towers that remember thumbs and fingers squeezing them until milk starts flowing. They turn bluish-violet and I want to cry out in lust and agony...



Slowly I reach for my vibrator, a gift he gave me. The beads start turning, and its tremoring tongue hits my clitoris. When I push it in deep, I wish he were here, soothing my heat. Or, even better, both of them: my marital companion, with whom I explore scary, exhilarating elevator fucks, and my lover, who lets me experience complete disintegration and flooding anew, every day.

My hands work on my pussy, faster and faster. I lick my fingers, smelling my scent on them, then let them explore my anus. As my first climax approaches, I imagine myself between my two, lusted-for, beloved dicks, imagine them skewering me, pushing and shoving, back and forth, between mouth and cunt. I hear heated words urging me to let go, to gush, after all, arcs of pussy juice, pee mixed with fountains of sperm...

I yell as I cum.

Minutes pass. I fondle my skin and feel: It's not enough... I need more tonight.

Above me, I hear my neighbor walking around her apartment — in the bathroom, in the kitchen, water running. She hasn't found sleep either. Why?

Did she hear me screaming, moaning the name of my lover, and of my husband as well?

I eye my twin dildo. It is a hot summer night, lust gnawing on bodies, asking for more than the usual.

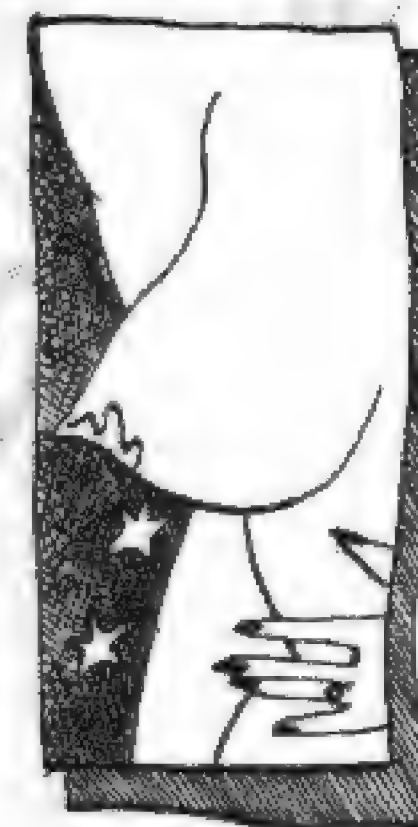
She is alone. So am I.

We've talked about meeting for a cappuccino. Just last week she invited me over. "It's so beautiful outside these days. Why don't you come up and we'll sit on the balcony?"

The decision is made.

I get up, freshen myself in the bathroom, slip into a short, see-through nightie. Grabbing a cool bottle of sparkling wine, I gather my courage, go upstairs, ring the doorbell.

She opens the door with hesitation, smiles as she recognizes me.





I explain: Alone. Long, warm night. No sleep. Fancy a glass of champagne?

She does, looking deep into my eyes and my cleavage, my heavy breasts swaying and bouncing with each of my steps, nipples protruding behind a thin veil of cloth.

Selecting two glasses, she leads us toward the balcony. She's clothed in only a T-shirt that barely conceals her buttocks. I wonder if she's wearing panties just as she bends over the glasses on the table, granting me a peek at her round butt cheeks and the moist, glistening tuft of hair between them.



We drink to each other's health, sit thigh-to-thigh on the bench, admire the starry lit sky, sniff each other's perfume. Then it happens. Her tongue tickles my ear tenderly. A sigh I can't suppress. I'm grabbing hold of her... is it okay?

Our eyes meet. We can't help smiling, just a little embarrassed, reach out for each other. Our skin is so soft.

There's no going back. Kisses, tasty, tart like the champagne. Armpits, salty from the sweat that coats us with a film of excitement. Cunts, so sweet, so special, so wet, like in our dreams.

In the middle of the heat, a cool breeze hits us. We go inside. She has a wish, she tells me, has had it for a while: will I shave her?

I quickly slide downstairs and fetch not only my razor but also the double-headed, soft rubber dildo. She awaits me, thighs wide spread, a bowl full of water and towel on the ground.

Carefully, I begin baring her cunt's genuine beauty. We fidget, each of us over and over again reaching to the clit, rubbing for calmness until the shave is finished.

And now it is time to show her my twin dildo. Her eyes light up eagerly.

I introduce it gently into her magnificent cunt, naked, dark red. Then I climb on top of her and slowly, gradually, sit down onto the other half of the cock until our gleaming, throbbing, soaking wet labia and swollen, hard clits finally touch each other.



We kiss and bite each another. She relishes in kneading my tits. Moaning fills the room, escapes through the open windows into this exceptional night. And as I'm dissolving into her and gushing and she is flooding me with her juices, I think: I wish both of you, my husband and lover, could see us and grab us.

---

*Gabi Wald is an inspired writer/painter/sculptor/lover/mother/Pagan priestess/artist/activist/friend. Most of her work revolves around love, lust, dance, rhythm, magick, menstruation, and the female body. She's married, has two children, and lives and works in Düsseldorf, Germany.*





# "WE HAVE TO TALK..."

by Kai MacTane

art by Julia Keel

## Our Heroes:

**Barbara**, janitor by night, poet by day, has promised to take flowers to Erika on behalf of Ray...

**Erika**, still on the rebound from Jane, is caught between her equal attraction to Ray and Barbara...

**Jane**, meanwhile, has finally gotten ahold of Erika by phone, and is venting her spleen...

**Ray**, a journalist, has left a torrid fling with Vic to confront the woman who set it all up...

**Valerie**, Ray's dyke editor and Vic's former lover, is enjoying playing matchmaker...

**Vic**, the hunky FTM security guard, is volunteering with the Queer Central performance art benefit...

**R**ay drove home from Vic's apartment, trembling in rage and weak-kneed with lust in equal parts. Arriving home, he immediately called Valerie.

"How could you do that?" he asked. "You're my boss, Valerie, not my pimp!"

*Whoa, that old queeny side is really coming out, he thought. And I thought I might be out of practice. But how am I going to tell Erika I just fucked a man?*

"And here I thought I was doing you a favor," Valerie replied. "After all, I can't sleep with Vic any more — but I thought you might be interested. You can't tell me he isn't a hunk."

*Just because you think I'm a gay man — hell, even if I were, that doesn't mean I'm perpetually available. I was monogamous back*

*when...* "All right, he's a hunk. And it's not like Vickie and I didn't talk about scenes like that back when we worked together. Which made for some very spicy lunch hours, let me tell you!" *But I've got a girlfriend, dammit, and how can I explain that to you?* "In a way, it's nice to see he remembered. I was terrified for a moment, and then he said 'little boy' and it all clicked. But what makes you think I'm not seeing anyone else?"

"Wouldn't you have told me about him? I am sorry, though. I tell you what — let me make it up to you both by treating the lucky man to a ticket to the Queer Central performance art benefit tomorrow."

"But I'm not going to be there," Ray protested.

"Yes you *are*, Mr. Gossip — you need to learn to schmooze. So bring the boy-thing along, and the two of you can work the crowd for juicy tidbits."

*There's no way I can rustle up a man in time — Oh, hell, might as well bite the bullet.* "Well, about the 'boy-thing'... her name is Erika, okay?"

*Goddess, why must drag queens always refer to themselves — and every other male in sight — as "she"?* thought Valerie. But she had been impolitic enough for one night. "Well, as long as the dear thing has good dress sense. I'm sure you'll make a lovely couple."

*I'm surprised at how well that went, Ray thought as he hung up the phone. I guess biphobia isn't always where you expect it! Now to call Erika — maybe after the art event, I can talk to her about our relationship — and Vic.*





He wavered a bit at the prospect, then screwed up his resolve. *Erika and I have to talk. Tomorrow.*

**B**arbara could hear yelling coming from Erika's office as she stood outside with the flowers. "Goddammit, Jane, why wouldn't I be working late? Just because you think my social life is 'out of control' doesn't mean it's so."

A pause. "Will you grow up about the fisting scene at Heaven and Hell, Jane! That was six fucking months ago!"

Barbara summoned up her nerve, knocked on the door, then counted to three and walked in.

"Jane, I've got to go, there's someone — here?" Erika paused as she saw the bouquet of flowers in Barbara's hand. A fresh burst of noise erupted from the earpiece of the telephone, and Erika held the receiver a bit farther away from her ear.

Barbara's heart leaped. *Heaven and Hell!* she thought. *She does like women! I have a chance... as long as I don't blow it.* But she didn't let any of this show on her face. Instead, she raised an eyebrow, shot Erika a sympathetic look, and asked, "Can I help?" When Erika nodded heartfelt assent, Barbara coolly strode forward, took the phone receiver, and spoke without waiting for the shrill voice on the other end to pause.

"Excuse me — Jane, is it? Erika has a life to live. One that involves people who care about her instead of screaming at her. She has her own life now. Go and live yours. If Erika wants to get in touch with you, she will. Until then, leave her alone." And Barbara calmly hung up the phone without waiting for any response.

Erika looked at her, awestruck. *My knight in shining janitorial overalls just walked in, roses in hand, and saved me from the evil dragon,* she thought. *They definitely don't make janitors like they used to — they make 'em much better! I can almost feel my heart melting. This more than makes up for her walking in on me and Ray!*

"Wow," she breathed. "That's about the most wonderful entrance I've ever seen anyone make. Flowers and everything."

Barbara blushed. "The flowers are from Ray, but thank you."

Taking the flowers, Erika replied, "Thank you. Of course, Jane will assume you must be my latest girlfriend, but I don't feel like correcting her mistake. I'd love to have you around the next time she calls!"

"I'd like that, too," said Barbara. And then the phone rang.

"Dammit!" Erika swore as she snatched up the phone. "Listen, Jane, you ignorant slut! — oh, God, I'm sorry!" A pause. "I'm really sorry, Ray, I thought you were my ex calling back after being hung up on once already." Brief pause. "Oh, totally! Not just psycho, but a real bitch." A longer



pause.

"Yeah, she just arrived a few minutes ago." Erika picked up the flowers and put them to her face, breathing in deeply. She exhaled with a look of contentment on her face. "Yes, they're lovely!"

*Dammit,* thought Barbara as Erika went on chatting with Ray, *that's the problem with bisexuals. They'll always leave you for a man.*

"I should be pissed at your work for interfering with our date tonight," Erika was saying into the phone, "but if they're getting us into the performance art fundraiser tomorrow, I think I can forgive them. But are they really okay with you bringing a woman?" Another pause. "Okay, then, I'll see you tomorrow. Seven o'clock? Great! Bye."

Erika looked back at Barbara, who was already moving toward the door.

"Well, it looks like my work here is done," Barbara said. Was that a crestfallen look on her face? "I hope you have fun with Ray tomorrow night." And she slipped out the door.

*Damn!* thought Erika. *How could I just let her get away like that? And after she was such a romantic life-saver!*

Her thoughts grew pensive. *After four years of monogamy with Jane, I'm just not ready to tie myself to one person, no matter how nice he is. I do like Ray, a lot — I could even fall in love with him. But I hope he can deal with non-monogamy. Ray and I have to talk. Tomorrow.*

**B**arbara threw herself furiously into her cleaning duties, trying to erase thoughts of Erika from her mind as she scrubbed spots from floors and stains from the counter in the office kitchen. It didn't work.

**See "Dear Jane" (p.46)**



**"Dear Jane" (from p.46)**

*I wish I could be the one to go with her to that benefit show. I should have told her about the things I can do for her that no man can. I should write her the most erotic poetry the world's seen since Sappho. I should —*

Beep! Beep! Beep! —

*I should answer my pager.*

Barbara quickly recognized the four digits of the front security desk. Putting down her mop, she went to a nearby office phone and called, reaching Vic on night security.

"Hi, Vic, what's up?"

"Barbara, I've got a problem I think you can fix. I'm managing talent for the performance art benefit tomorrow night, and I just had a last-minute cancellation. I asked myself, 'Who do I know that writes good queer stuff?' And I thought of you. How'd you like to read some of your stuff at the benefit tomorrow night?"

"Do a reading?" she stammered. "Tomorrow night? But I hardly have any queer stuff at all. And it's not the best — my piece about my father's death is really a lot stronger. A-and the one about how nobody notices janitors."

"But what about that women's prison piece? The woman with —"

"Oh my God! You think I wrote *that*?! No, no, no, that was someone else. I, uh, found that lying around. That's not mine."

"Oh, crap," Vic sighed. "Oh, well, then I guess I'll have to find someone else. Thanks anyway."

"Wait! Um, I actually do write poetry. Not prose. Not like that *Penthouse* letter."

"Well, what we really need is more hot stuff like that."

Thinking furiously, Barbara switched tacks.

"Well, I didn't say my stuff wasn't erotic — just that it wasn't prose. You want hot readings for tomorrow night? You'll have 'em!"

After getting off the phone with Vic, Barbara's mind went into overdrive.

*I'll give them scorching, she thought. And I'll make sure Erika realizes what my inspiration is. I was wrong to think she looked like a ministering angel — she's my Muse. And then after that reading, Erika and I need to talk. Tomorrow night!*

Breathless with anticipation, Barbara started writing.

*Kai MacTane is a bisexual, bi-coastal, ambidextrous, polyamorous, polytheist. He has two girlfriends and an extended community of friends, and works as an Internet pornographer. In his spare time, he sleeps.*

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# Fitful Sleeper

# Michael

by Cliff Roberts

photo by Rev. Andylama

Turning, turning  
a prison truck wheel spinning

not out of control  
but under tight restraint,

chains of  
heterosexual America's mind police —  
mother's advice and homophobic fears

unable to fulfill  
the Southern Baptist  
clone image  
of Texas barns and bluebonnets

Giant cocks fill my  
dreaming mindscape,  
huge disembodied appendages  
like sexual silos or pumping oil wells  
erect  
pulsing  
spewing its white load  
like a struck gusher

overshadowing the barns and flowers

drowning upper, middle and lower  
North, Central, and South America

scaring Mom back into her frightening world  
of closed-minded parental domesticity.

In classrooms under winter coats  
in rest rooms, ravines  
and behind the police station  
we played at being lovers.

We became study buddies  
in chemistry and biology  
without ever opening a book,

several years before  
it was required by  
the school curriculum,

always eager for homework  
and extra credit projects,

tutoring one another  
in the arts of lust and love  
spending that special  
one on one care.

Neither of us failing  
any test the other conceived,

Each passing each other  
yet never exchanging report cards,  
never consulting parents,  
never wanting school to end.

---

*Cliff Roberts has written poetry for the last eighteen years and is the Membership Chairman of the Texoma Poetry Society, to whom he can't show these poems. Actively gay since age five, a poet since high school and happily married to a FAB-u-lous woman for the last nine years, he also has an online boyfriend.*



# What Your Mother Never Told You

*Advice from Uncle Bill  
& Auntie Andrea*



*Dear Aunt Andrea:*

*I'm a 22-year-old Libra male, about a Kinsey 2 (I like women more than men). The weird thing is, I like women to be very butch! Does this make any sense at all? If I like women better, why do I want them to act like men and why do I find that sexy?*

*- Weirder Out in Seattle*

*Dear Weirder Out:*

You say that you like women more than men, and I assume that we're just talking about it as a choice of sexual

partner. So what's weird about liking butch women, too? Butch is, after all, just another flavor of womanhood. To find it attractive only makes perfect sense, if you ask me (which you did).

I can come up with plenty of great reasons for liking butch, masculine women. Let's start with Marlene Dietrich in a tuxedo, then work up to k.d. lang, and then to the delicious examples that I see around San Francisco, with their flat-top haircuts and motorcycle jackets and tank tops... sweat glistening over tattoos inked onto well-muscled arms... and that swagger!

Yummmmm... um, now, where were we?

Oh yes, we were talking about the attractiveness of butch women. You also mentioned women who act like men, which aren't necessarily the same women as the butch ones. It's a commonly held myth that butch women all

act like men, all the time. It's also a commonly held myth that all men act like men all the time, but that's not what we're here to talk about right now!

Perhaps you like butch women because it allows you to explore a more "masculine" sexual energy with your partner, while still remaining on the more comfortable, familiar ground of her female body. If that's the case, then what's to worry? Gender play is fair game, and there are plenty of women out there who would love to slick their hair back, put on a suit, and use their masculine energy to role-play themselves into some really hot boy-nookie!

Only you really know why you find butch women attractive, but whatever the reason, more power to you.

*- Aunt Andrea*

**Auntie Andrea, in her own words, is "a pervy, horny bisexual chick who is having way too much fun living in San Francisco. In her spare time, she collects labels."**



Dear Uncle Bill:

*The situation with the President and Monica Lewinsky potentially casts the non-monogamy and polyamory communities in a bad light. Short of an admission by either Bill or Hillary Clinton that they have a nonmonogamous relationship, I think that his affair was not consensual and therefore immoral.*

*Am I right, as someone who supports non-monogamy and polyamory, to want to distance the community from these events? What can we do to contain the fallout of this PR disaster? Where's our spin doctor?*

- Ethical Enquirer

Dear Enquirer:

At this point, it's obvious that the majority of the electorate doesn't give a rodent's rectum where the President puts his pee-pee. Or at least, that's what we claim when asked by the pollsters.

The truth is perhaps less flattering to us. I've been wondering a lot whether the public is furtively fascinated by the Clinton scandal, or whether we're just being force-fed by the media. Honestly, I'm not certain anymore.

I've heard two opposing schools of thought on this matter. The optimists think it's fantastic that the Prez has been outed as a non-monogamist because it's opening up a national dialogue on the topic. The pessimists think it's awful because, as you believe, it makes us ethical non-monogamists look bad.

As for myself, I'm bored with the media's sensationalizing of the event, and of Ken Starr's ruthless sanctimony. I'm also appalled, though not surprised, at the mainstream media's hypocrisy in spending so much time and attention on this matter and then ignoring that Henry Hyde, the Republican chair of the

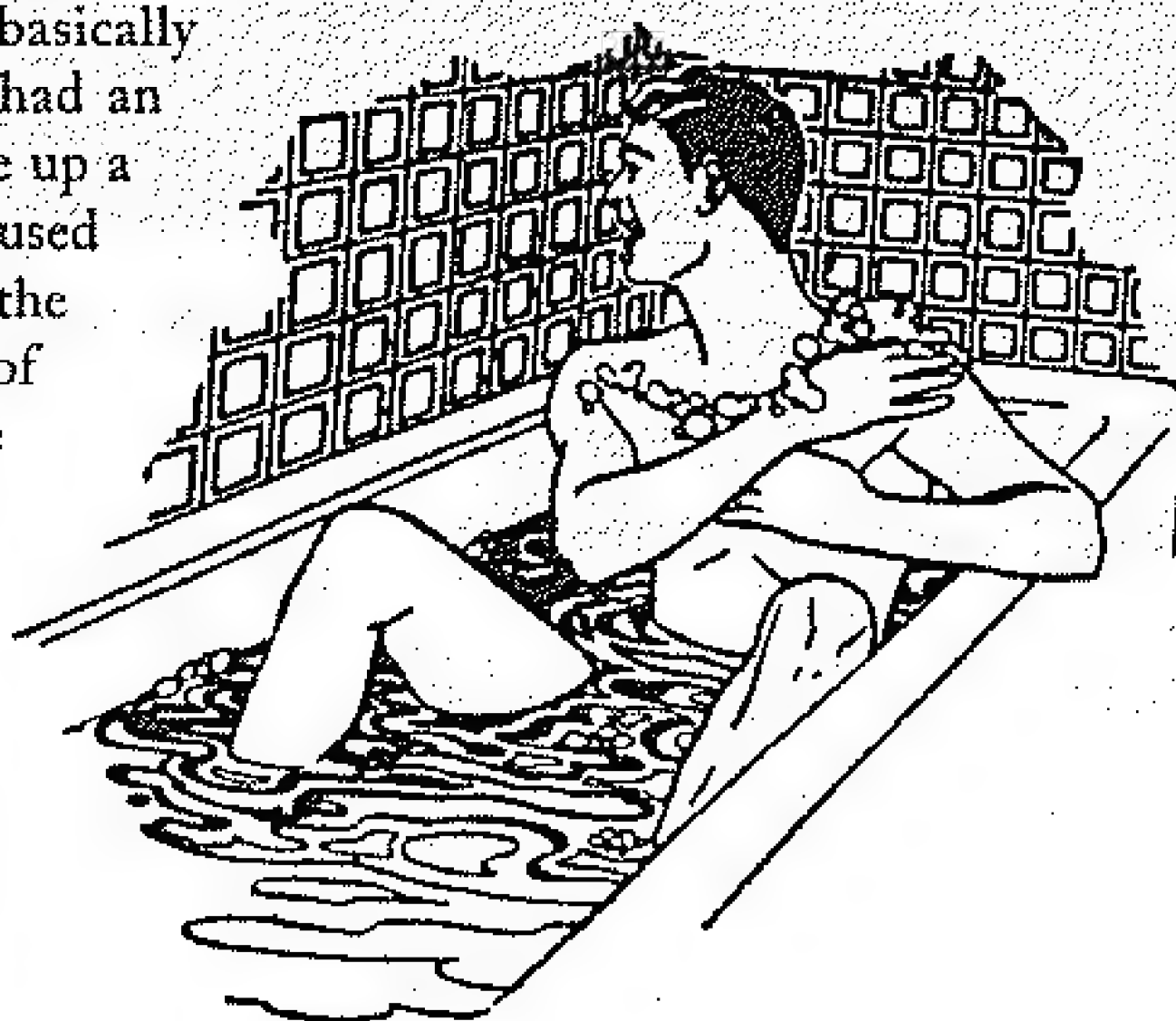
Judiciary Committee (who basically decide whether to impeach), had an affair 30 years ago which broke up a marriage. The Republicans accused the White House of planting the story, but to me it's a clear case of reaping what you sow. The GOP is just fine with the media when it slams Clinton for what he does with *his* penis. They're just getting some of the same now. (By the way, *Salon* online magazine broke that story when all the papers were ignoring it.)

I think the key word in this discussion is *ethical*. It was unethical and short-sighted on the President's part to lie under oath regarding his involvement with Lewinsky.

It's also unethical that Linda Tripp taped her phone conversations with Lewinsky without her consent, and that they were then accepted as evidence. I don't care about the distinctions between civil and criminal proceedings; submitting nonconsensually recorded tapes as evidence is unethical.

In these times, the media have the power to reduce even the president to an ignoble beast, yet willfully ignore the heroic in our daily lives. We've overlooked the real cultural heroes: those rare lawyers, intellectuals, and others who have fought steadily for the past several decades to preserve our vanishing personal freedoms. Yet where are the media on the topic of non-monogamy? When they acknowledge it at all, it's in a negative light. Look at the daytime talk shows that are still dishing up the most unsavory polygamists and spouse-cheaters they can rake up out of the muck. I don't think any spin doctor is going to change that much.

I think our best strategy is to become our own spin doctors. We can become more public, and thereby more articulate,



about our sexual choices. The way to change the public's opinion of us is one person at a time. It was heartening to see how the Governor of Colorado and his wife handled their "outing" a while back [as polyamorous; see *ATM* Issue 16, p. 52 for news brief] — with great dignity. Speaking and writing about our lives is very important — as self affirmation, as a way of networking with like-minded folks, and as a tool to educate others so that they don't harbor ignorant notions about who we are and how we love.

Most people choose to be ignorant about these matters. It's up to us to do what we can to ensure that what is said and printed about us is as close as possible to the truth.

-Uncle Bill

*What your mother probably never told you was that Uncle Bill & Auntie Andrea are available to answer all your questions on sex, love, relationships, et cetera. Send them c/o Anything That Moves, 2261 Market St., #496, San Francisco, CA 94114-1600, or email [advice@anythingthatmoves.com](mailto:advice@anythingthatmoves.com). We'll only use your initials or a pen name, so don't worry, your mother won't find out...*

**Uncle Bill (a.k.a Bill Brent) edits and publishes two sex-oriented publications. *Black Sheets* is a bi-oriented zine for kinky, queer, intelligent, and irreverent folk. *The Black Book* is an illustrated resource guide for the erotic explorer. Both are available at the ATM order line, (800) 818-8823.**



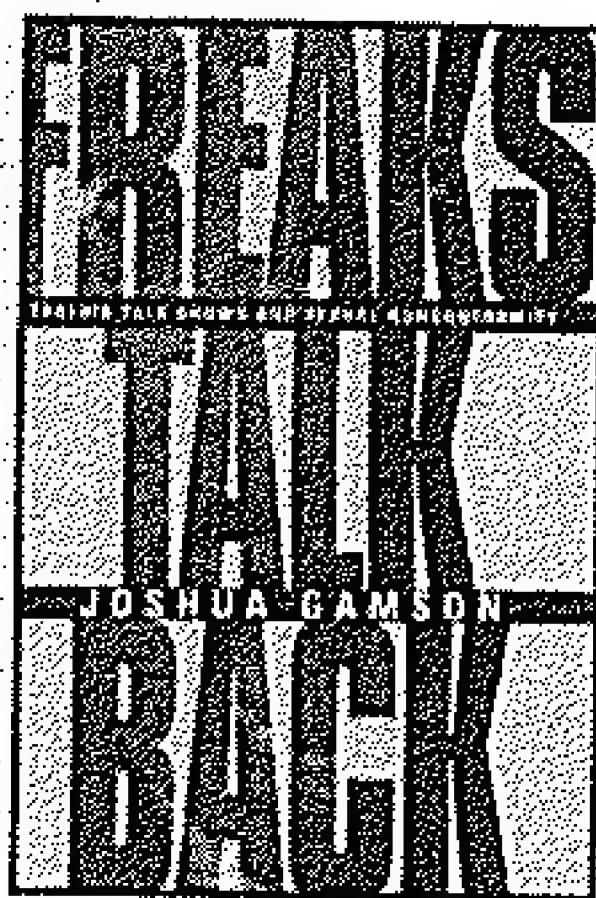
# REVIEWS

## FREAKS TALK BACK: TABLOID TALK SHOWS AND SEXUAL NONCONFORMITY

by Joshua Gamson  
(University of Chicago Press, 1998)

reviewed by Robyn Ochs

In *Freaks Talk Back*, Gamson, a professor at Yale, offers a brilliant discussion of the daytime television shows that exploit sexual minorities. Through interviews with talk show hosts, producers, members of studio audiences and gay, lesbian, bisexual and transgendered guests, he attempts to make sense of the whole mess. What is the agenda of the talk shows? What are they trying to promote? To what lengths are producers and talk show hosts willing to go to get a product that sells? Why do sexual minorities go on talk shows? Gamson argues that minority activists, while being used by the shows, in turn use these same shows as a forum for education and visibility.



Gamson points out that middle class, well-dressed, and monogamous gays and lesbians are not viewed by many talk show viewers as the enemy, and the validity of their identity is rarely called into question. The enemy, rather, is the extreme homophobe and the non-conforming queer. Only the boundary blurrers — gender transgressors (butch lesbians, cross-dressers and sisses) and bisexuals — lack audience and viewer support. The rare monogamous bisexual who manages to get onto a talk show (in my own experience, we're not seen by most producers as "bisexual" enough to represent bisexuality on TV) may get the audience's approval, but those in three-ways (or worse!) are the recipients of animosity, anger and derision.

Gamson observes that there's a class thing going on here. He discusses the shift of television talk shows from the "nice professional folks in suits" model of *Donahue* and *Oprah* to the mid-'90s wave of trashy shows, such as those of Jerry Springer and Richard Bey, which encourage outrageous stories and outbursts, pile many guests and story lines into each show, and tend to have working-class guests. This trend, Gamson argues, has had a democratizing effect in that working class people are increasingly given a voice. The down side is that these same people are often manipulated and exploited. Stories abound of guests who were prodded to scream and yell at each other, provoke fights, exaggerate or lie, and there

are even accounts of return tickets being withheld in exchange for promised outbursts. There are also many reports of actors being hired to play guests. At the extreme, of course, is the unaired *Jenny Jones Show* on "secret crushes" that prompted a guest to murder Scott Amedure, and a New York show I refused to appear on during which people were going to find out about and meet their partners' secret lovers for the first time on national television.

About bisexuality, in particular, Gamson has a lot to say. Like its sister, transgenderism, bisexuality is consistently portrayed as other, "not nice," and disruptive. Gamson interviews a number of bi activists, including Lani Ka'ahumanu, Loraine Hutchins, Jill Nagle, Cole Roland, Eve Diana, Laura Perez, Michael Szymanski, Mark Silver and myself, and gives an accurate account of the behind-the-scenes and on-stage tugs of war at bi shows on *Donohue*, *Geraldo*, *Leeza*, *Bertice Berry* and *Jane Whitney*.

Gamson's book is well written and, in my opinion, much more interesting than the talk shows it's about. And if Josh Gamson ever contacts you and asks for an in-person interview, go! He's charming and a pleasure to behold: pretty, witty and gay.

## SUITS ME: THE DOUBLE LIFE OF BILLY TIPTON

by Diane Wood Middlebrook  
(Houghton Mifflin Co., 1998)

reviewed by Mark Silver

The true story, in brief: Dorothy Tipton (1914-1989), who loved both jazz and women, created a male persona, Billy, that became her main identity throughout her life. Billy had access to the music and musicians that Dorothy could never have, as well as to the women he loved. Now, I hardly know anything about jazz and I'm not much of a butch. I picked the book up in part to learn about the music, and I was afraid I was the wrong person reading the book for the wrong reasons. Luckily, I was wrong.

The book was perfect for me. Middlebrook has done a thorough job and gives what I have to believe is a very true picture of what it was like to be a touring jazz musician in the Midwest in the '40s and '50s. Her descriptions of the culture, the struggles, and the people Billy spent time with were fascinating and made me want to learn more about the music.

Woven into the jazz is the story of how Billy came to and continued to be. Since "queer" and "lesbian" didn't exist when



Dorothy became Billy, the time Middlebrook spent researching what it was like for folks "in the life" back then pays off handsomely for the reader. She shares what she knows from



interviews and other research very well, with only a slight tendency to the melodramatic. When she doesn't know something, she makes it clear that she is guessing, gives good reasons for the guesses she makes and, in some cases, outlines a few different possibilities.

The photos Middlebrook has found are priceless: family pictures, touring pictures, and gig pictures, most of them featuring Billy Tipton's cute boyish smile. It's

hard to believe that no one guessed Billy was Dorothy, but I guess without a 1990s transgender context no one would have any reason to suspect. In a backwards kind of way, Dorothy's freedom to be Billy must have been a bit greater for that very reason. To pass today without anyone guessing would take a lot more effort and more hormones.

I don't know which is more fascinating, the story of jazzman Billy Tipton and his era or the story of Dorothy-Billy's life and how she and he led it through the years. The combination for me was irresistible.

## EILEEN IS A SPY

directed by Sayer Frey

reviewed by Raven Usi

**E***ileen is a Spy*, a work in progress by director Sayer Frey [see interview, p. 34], is a beautiful movie about an adult woman coming to terms with her sexuality after a childhood of incest by a now-dead father. The movie, which is unreleased, was for me the highlight of this year's San Francisco Bisexual Film Festival. As both a bi woman and an incest survivor I strongly identified with Eileen, her problems with intimacy and her ambivalence about being biologically mature. As is true for many abuse survivors, adulthood for Eileen seems like a foreign country.

When Eileen meets her romantic interest, Jane, she fights against her desires. She implies that Jane is obscene because Jane can enjoy the beauty in the world that Eileen cannot. Frey explores Eileen's thoughts and feelings with voice-overs from real survivors, both shedding insight on the character while echoing many abuse survivors' experience of not having their own voices. The technique captures the common experience among survivors of seeing but not being able to speak their truth.

The strongest image for me was the scene where Eileen confronts her mirror. Only those of us who have experienced incest by an immediate blood relative know what it is like to wake up and see our abuser's face staring back at us in the mirror. We must wage an ongoing battle to see ourselves as beautiful, worthy of love, or even friendship. This response is artfully conveyed to the audience in this masterpiece.

The most emotional moment came at the end when Eileen dances with Jane. I felt a pang of envy for the pure vulnerability that Eileen was able to experience. Although I have dealt with sex in the opposite way from Eileen, I still face the same challenge of being intimate with other women. I hope all audiences understand how universal Eileen's emotions are even when the circumstances are different. Sayer Frey's profound subject and presentation add up to a ground-breaking film. (For more information, contact the SF Bisexual Film Festival c/o Jeff Ross, 530 Divisadero Street #183, San Francisco, CA 94117.)

## 'ZINE SCENE

At long last Larry-bob's Holy Titclamps, the king of the queer 'zines, has returned. Issue #16 features a personal remembrance by Michael Layne Heath, Brian Bouldrey's account of his discovery of a series of exotic books from the 1920s, Donny Smith's oral history portrait of Valerie Solanas, an interview with Tomata du Plenty, and C.A. Schneck's appreciation of William S. Burroughs. There are also comics by Rachael House, Robert Triptow, Rob Kirby and Nick Leonard, whose leery portrait of "Jesus, that trick-stealin' bitch!" leaning against the bar with a martini and one eyebrow suggestively cocked, is truly frightening. Throw in a couple of extra stamps and Larry-bob will send you Queer Zine Explosion, the essential guide. (Cash only: \$3/issue or \$10 for four to Larry-bob, Box 590488, San Francisco, CA 94159-0488.)

Paige Phillip's BiRag is a sharp piece of desktop publishing from Chicago. Issue number one features an article on the politics of hetero privilege, Nathan's story of being fired from his high school teaching job for coming out as bisexual to his students, a "dream interview" with Ani DiFranco, and some tasty (but tasteful) homegrown porn: one boy and one girl, natch. (Send \$3 cash, SASE, and a signed age statement to BiRag, P.O. Box 268203, Chicago, IL 60626.)

BiAngles is the newsletter of BiNet Los Angeles, but with a lengthy review of the movie Afterglow and interviews with bisexual author Carol Queen and gay porn star Ken Ryker it qualifies as a 'zine in its own right. (Free with \$25 yearly membership. Make check out to BiNet Los Angeles and mail to P.O. Box 94161, Pasadena, CA 91109-4161.)

—Kevin McCulloch



# REVIEWS

## RAINBOW FLAVA SOUND SYSTEM

Rainbow FlavaSound System

reviewed by Kai MacTane

Rainbow Flava Sound System is not your typical rap group. When first listening to their new self-titled CD, it is easy to be deceived. They've got the standard rap beats, the scratches, and the boop-boop whine-whine poppity-poppity-bop background rhythms. They announce that they're "in the house." They rap about guns, caps, their rapping style and prowess, and so forth.

But look and listen a little deeper: this three-man crew (Reh-Shawn, Dutchboy and DJ Monkey, two of whom spin for *Anything That Grooves*) is multiracial and unabashedly queer. The violence-oriented lyrics are mostly about how to avoid it, and the gun and cap references are actually clever puns and sexual wordplay: "Undercover Freak," about safer sex and the closet, includes such lines as "Should I let a brother pull his trigger/with no safety?" and "I play it safe when I go for mine/Yeah that's right/The whole nine/I ain't lyin'."

"Coffee, Tea or Me?" starts with Reh-Shawn's taste for pot, but then takes a bizarre twist and goes on about tea (yes, as in Darjeeling) and high-caffeine coffees with the same salacious attitude. The piece is frankly hilarious, and DJ Monkey's rap style effectively demonstrates a jittering caffeine buzz. But the song also displays tolerance, refusing to advocate one drug over another, and the overall atmosphere is refreshingly fun and even brotherly.

Rainbow Flava's habit of having every band member say "brothers" and "sisters," regardless of race, is a refreshing piece of color-blindness — if the guy saying the word could be any color, then so could the brother or sister referred to.

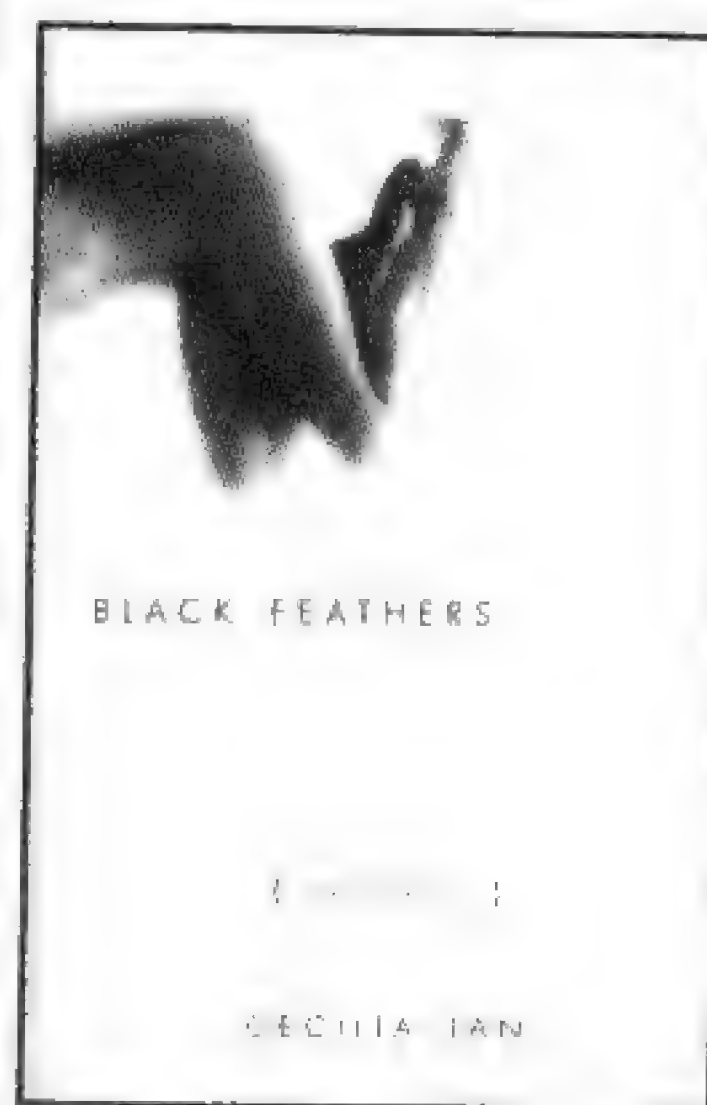
The Sound System does have some problems. The volume is uneven from song to song, and the album often sounds like it was mixed in someone's garage. On just-foolin'-around,



Bringin' the Flava: The Rainbow crew

feel-good songs this isn't much of a problem, but on declarations of local pride and lyrical skill like "Checkit," it hurts the effect. All three rappers occasionally show some rhythmic awkwardness, and in places the beats sound like they were generated at Radio Shack. And the attempts at harmony on the chorus of "Undercover Freak" are simply off-key.

But none of these flaws are fatal; the disc's overall good-vibe, we're-in-this-for-the-fun atmosphere can withstand some roughness around the edges. This is a strong effort for a first recording, and shows Rainbow Flava SoundSystem's potential to be a very enjoyable ensemble. (*Available for \$8 from Rainbow Flava, P.O. Box 881264, San Francisco, CA 94118-1264.*)



## BLACK FEATHERS {EROTIC DREAMS}

by Cecilia Tan

(HarperPerennial, 1998)

reviewed by Linda Howard

Right on the edge of sleep, there is a point where you are no longer sure whether you are awake or dreaming, when the commonplace joins the realm of the fantastic, and your senses cannot tell what is real from what is imagined.

Cecilia Tan is mistress of that realm, and her latest book, *Black Feathers {erotic Dreams}*, is the perfect bedtime companion.

Although her short stories have appeared in numerous anthologies of erotica and chapbooks, *Black Feathers* is Tan's first full book. A collection of short stories, the book showcases exactly why her erotica has won so much acclaim. An extremely talented author, Tan's prose is a joy to read in itself, but what makes these stories captivating is the creativity and imagination she brings to each story. Writing primarily in the first person, she easily shifts personas and even gender, in one story becoming a gay college boy daydreaming of his first sexual encounter, in another tale a paroled, sex-starved female prisoner on a distant planet, and in yet a third a Triad gangster awaiting the change in power in Hong Kong.

Very few of Tan's stories take place in the here-and-now; some, like her classic "Telepaths Don't Need Safewords", belong to a science fiction future where one federation's BDSM culture has begun to have rippling effects throughout the rest of that galaxy, while others take place in a more fantastical present, a place where sex can invoke totem



animals and faerie rituals gone awry can have unexpected repercussions.

Of all of her stories, my least favorite would have to be "Blood Ties," yet another story of vampire erotica and BDSM. It is well-written and more original than many such stories in this genre; nonetheless, with several vampire-only anthologies on the market, the erotic community has already taken vampire pornography just about as far as it can go, to the point where my first reaction was, "Oh god, not another vampire story."

On the other hand, my unequivocal favorite remains "Whipmaster," a touching tribute to the late pornographer John Preston. Tan has written her heart and soul into this story, about an apprentice in search of a whipmaster who can teach her his trade. It is one of the longer pieces in the book, and nowhere does Tan express herself so clearly, crafting her words with care and true emotion.

Readers who prefer their erotica to be more grounded in here-and-now reality may not enjoy Tan's work. However, readers of every other stripe will want to collect *Black Feathers* and escape into her world of the fantastic.

## RESOURCE GUIDES

Now in its fifth edition, the Black Book has for years been the premiere directory of sex-positive resources throughout the U.S. and Canada. The new edition features listings for more than 700 organizations and businesses, including erotic boutiques, gay and lesbian bookstores, social organizations and support groups, book and magazine publishers, dominatrixes, and mail-order sources for everything from videos and books to S/M dungeon furniture and penis casting kits. Always

wanted a Victorian-style corset made out of hemp? Ready to master a far-eastern sexual technique that teaches you how to actually eat portions of your lover's body? Or just shopping for some good smut? The Black Book is the place to start. (Black Books, PO Box 31155, San Francisco, CA 94131-0155.)

Good Vibrations, the feminist sex toy distributor based in San Francisco, has taken advantage of their

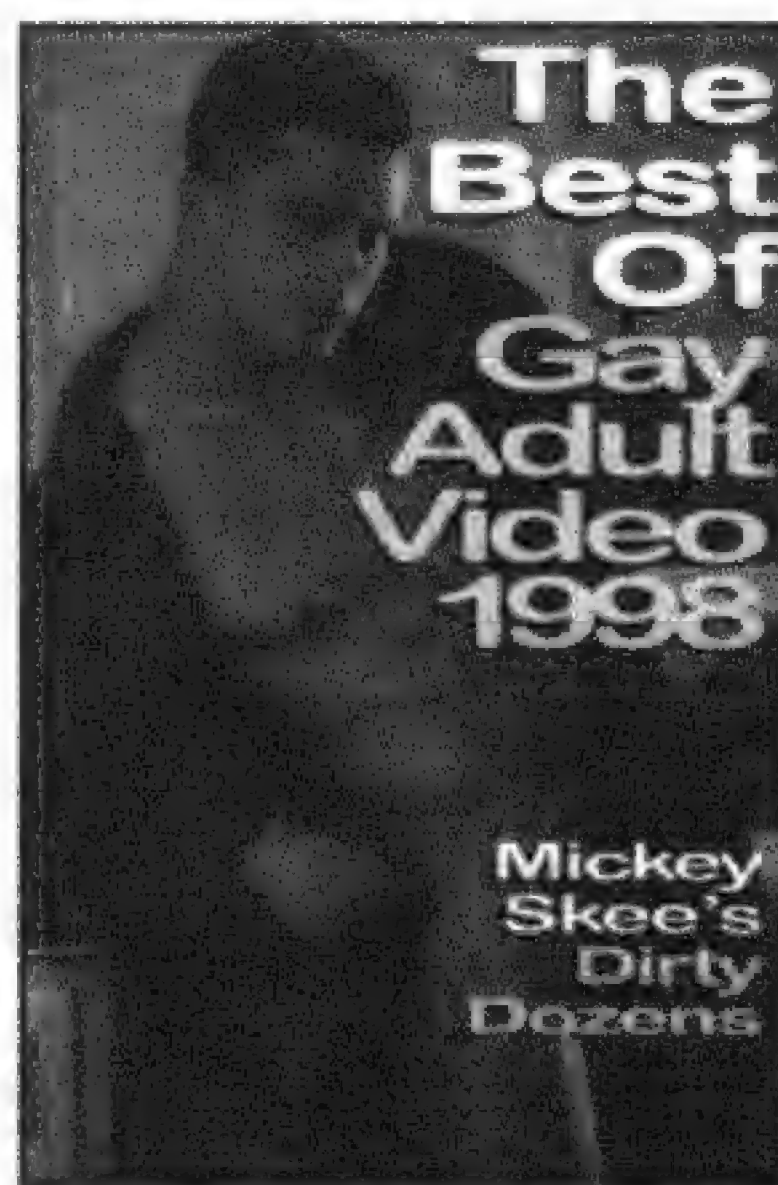


trusted brand name to launch a series of sex guides. The Good Vibrations Guide: The G-Spot and The Good Vibrations Guide: Adult Videos are both slender volumes — extended pamphlets, really — designed to give the novice a comfortable and well-informed overview. The G-Spot is the more reassuringly technical of the two, beginning with a classic sex-ed diagram of female anatomy and moving quickly to the good stuff: how to bring the subject up with your partner, how to hit the spot, and a myth-dispelling discussion of female ejaculation. A section on tips, toys and techniques rounds out the book. Adult Videos is a bit less focused, but stays true throughout to its mission of gently guiding

nice, thoughtful people to the smutty stuff they crave. Starting with a calm defense of pornography's virtues ("increase your comfort level with your own and others' sexuality"; "expand your fantasy repertoire"), the book offers a thumbnail history of dirty movies, discusses notable genres and directors, and makes a few modest suggestions for finding natural bodies, female orgasms, older people and other images usually absent from the big-hair-and-tit-job mainstream. (Down There Press, 938 Howard St., #101, San Francisco, CA 94103.)

As the Adult Videos guide notes, "Bisexual videos tend to be produced as a sub-specialty of gay male videos, and give limited attention to the woman's experience." Unsurprisingly, the 10-page bisexual

video section in Mickey Skee's Best of Gay Adult Video 1998 does little to challenge this impression. All of the videos reviewed pair gay male porn stars with slightly older female divas, like full-lipped blonde Sharon Kane (who appears in nearly half of the titles). Skee, who has written porn reviews for *Anything That Moves*, never ventures outside of the Southern



California industry, but his book is full of behind-the-scenes tidbits from the wide world of well-hung beefcake, if you like that sort of thing. (Companion Press, PO Box 2575, Laguna Hills, CA 92654.)

—Kevin McCulloch





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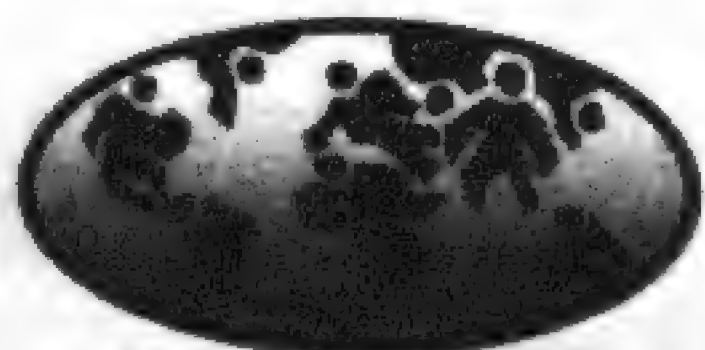


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## Good Vibrations



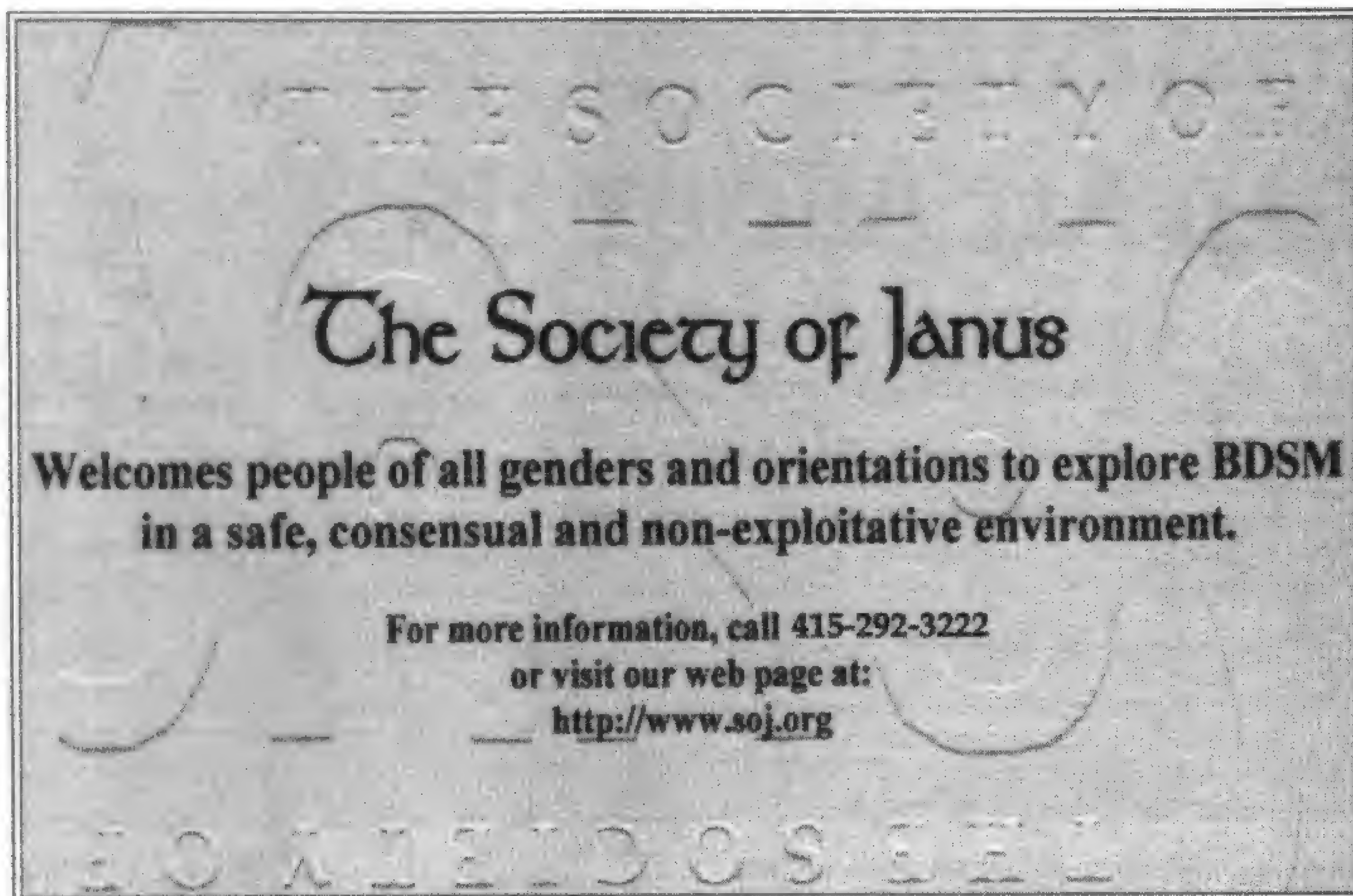
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Left: a still from the 1998 *Alley of the Tranny Boys*, directed by Christopher Lee.



Right:  
Tranny Fest Diva  
Chocolate Cheesecake  
Conchita Rodriguez  
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# EXTRA! EXTRA!

## READ ALL ABOUT US

### Police Overreact as Thousands of NY Queers Protest Shepard's Death

[NEW YORK CITY] — On Oct. 20, a peaceful rally to remember Matthew Shepard stunned both its organizers and police when between four and six thousand protesters crowded the streets during rush hour, causing mass confusion and resulting in more than 120 arrests by the overwhelmed authorities.

Organizers and parade marshals only expected the event, which had been billed as a 'political funeral' and organized by word of mouth on short notice among New York City's queer community, to garner perhaps 500 participants. Due to the small predicted turnout, they had not bothered to arrange for a parade permit for the gathering, scheduled to occur outside the Plaza Hotel at 6:00 p.m.

Police had only assigned 70 officers to the demonstration, but called in hundreds of foot and horse reinforcements when the crowds spilled into the sidewalks and streets and began marching up Fifth Avenue. Within an hour, the police had escalated their coverage to the highly unusual Level Four mobilization, bringing in officers from all over the city.

The chaos mounted when police began arresting parade marshals and organizers, some of whom were attempting to calm the crowd at the time. One marshal said she briefly stepped off the curb to warn the marchers that they were risking arrest if they left the sidewalk, then was grabbed from behind by a police officer, handcuffed and forced face-down on the ground.

Police first tried to block the marchers from heading on to Fifth Avenue, but the demonstrators moved west down 55th Street, directly into oncoming traffic. Event leaders reported that one police commander said they could have Fifth Avenue, and the march went back, but another commander blocked the avenue with a solid line of police and vehicles at 42nd Street. Marshals tried to halt the demonstration at 44th, linked arms and herded demonstrators onto West 43rd, where there was a long standoff between protesters and police. Demonstrators chanted, "Shame, shame, shame" as police briefly charged the crowd, batons drawn. Detainees were loaded into hastily commandeered city transit buses. Remaining protesters made their way peacefully to Madison Square Park, where the protest ended at approximately 9 pm.

Arrest numbers are unclear. Police originally announced that 110 arrests had been made, with 30 of those having their charges of disorderly conduct and resisting arrest dropped by Tuesday. At a news conference at the Gay and Lesbian Anti-Violence Project, march organizers claimed that their legal observers had counted at least 136 arrests. Some suspect that many of those taken into custody were later released due to police failure to fill out proper arrest paperwork in the chaos.

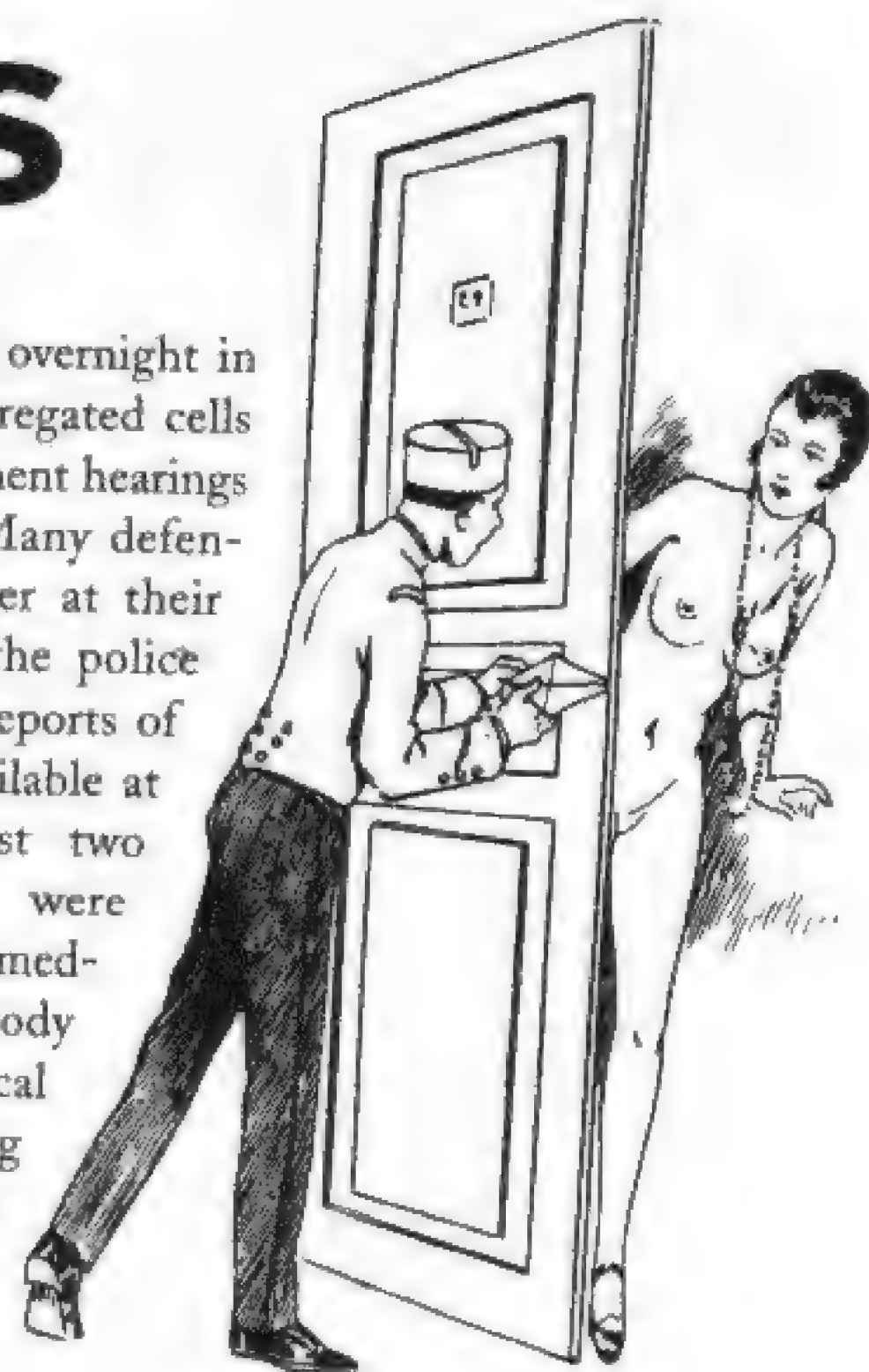
Protesters were held overnight in overcrowded sex-segregated cells and taken to arraignment hearings the next morning. Many defendants expressed anger at their treatment by both the police and the courts. No reports of any injuries were available at press time. At least two detainees say they were denied access to HIV medication while in custody and required medical attention after being released. A legal observer of the march said he had been arrested as he

was trying to take down information from another detainee. A German tourist who bumped into protesters after leaving the Guggenheim Museum was arrested as he stepped off the curb to try to see what was happening. Some detainees said they would fight their charges rather than accept a deal because they felt police response had been excessive.

A spokesperson for the police force defended their tactics, saying that "...once [the marchers] left the sidewalk, they were endangering the motorists [and] pedestrians.... We were forced to make arrests." NYC Mayor Rudolph Giuliani defended his forces, saying that while he sympathized with the marchers' cause, the police had "reacted to people attempting to block the most crowded city in America, and if they do it again, precisely the same thing will happen. I very much support the point that the lawful marchers were making, but I'm very unsympathetic to those who acted illegally. I would hope the organizers of the march are responsible enough to make that distinction."

In the chaotic denouement of the march, the one clear message seemed to be the overwhelming response from New York City's queer community. Participants in the march said that, while the queer community has become more accepted than ever, recent incidents of violence have been a reminder of the not-so-distant, and dangerous, past. New York City has recently seen an increase in anti-gay crimes. Police reports from the Bias Crimes Unit show 82 incidents of anti-gay bias crimes as of Oct. 4 of this year, compared with 46 during the same period last year, a jump of 78 percent. Overall bias crimes only rose 2 percent.

The increase in anti-queer violence — and increase in media coverage and awareness of bias crimes — has shocked many in the queer community out of a sense of complacency. One marcher said, "Sometimes in our little gay lives in the middle of America, I think we have forgotten that they kill us. They hate us."





## HRC Launches Ray of Light Project to Highlight Abuses by "Ex-Gay" Ministries

[WASHINGTON, D.C.] — The Human Rights Campaign on Oct. 8 announced a project that will highlight the abuses of so-called "ex-gay" ministries and compile the latest research on the deleterious psychological effects of these ministries. HRC unveiled the Ray of Light Project at a news conference that followed an announcement by the Family Research Council of a national television ad campaign featuring "ex-gays."

"Scapegoating gay and lesbian Americans is not going to heal what ails the American family," HRC Executive Director Elizabeth Birch said. "What is going to help is the hard work of building a family that is based on trust and mutual respect."

"I call upon the Family Research Council and their allied organizations to consider redirecting their energies, talent and money on an issue that does not put people in harm's way," said Gay and Lesbian Alliance Against Defamation (GLAAD) Executive

Director Joan M. Garry. "Your pockets may be deep, but your messages are hollow." Former ex-gay Matt Smith, who spoke at the HRC news conference, said he spent 16 years as a Pentecostal "who was afraid of going to hell. I quickly realized that this movement was dysfunctional and cured no one involved."

The Ray of Light Project will invite former ex-gays from around the nation to share their stories with the Human Rights Campaign and lift the veil of secrecy surrounding these ministries. The project will compile information by leading mental health and medical experts on the most recent studies available. This project is an extension of the in-depth "Mission Impossible" report released in August, and conducted by HRC Education Director Kim I. Mills. "Mission Impossible" chronicles the misinformation and deception perpetuated by religious political extremists about these ministries.

*-From the Human Rights Campaign*

## Bisexual Vermont Clerk Receives Death Threat Over Sexual Orientation

[MONTPELIER, VT] — Ilene Kanoff, a town clerk and a feature reporter for St. Johnsbury's *Caledonian Record* newspaper, has acknowledged that she has been harrassed for her bisexuality.

On August 31, 1998, Kanoff said, she found a picture of herself defaced so that there was a bullet hole in her head and her throat was cut; it was captioned, "Death to Queers." The photo had been taken from a newspaper story about Kanoff getting a motorcycle license.

Kanoff says this was the culmination of a long seige of harassment, including the defacement of town signs that referred to her position of town clerk, in which the word "clerk" had been replaced with the word "queer."

"There is an implicit line between harassing and threatening," Kanoff said, referring to the Aug. 31 incident. She added that she knew of five people of the town's only 50 full-time residents who might be responsible for the photo, one of whom refers to her out of earshot as "queer."

"It seemed to me that when I initially moved in here it wasn't so much of an issue that I was gay," Kanoff said in an article about the harassment. "It doesn't just happen overnight. More than one person must have been thinking about it for awhile... it's a question of it coming to the forefront." Kanoff says she's thought about leaving, but is waiting for police to conclude their investigation.

## Politician Challenged for Being Bi

[HARTFORD, CT] — Bisexuality and queer inclusion have become the linchpins of an electoral race in Hartford, CT, where incumbent Rep. Evelyn Mantilla is being challenged by an ordained minister who is opposing her because of her out status as a bisexual.

During the last election campaign, Mantilla won her seat as representative for the 4th House District while publicly acknowledging her sexual orientation. Mantilla's bisexuality became an issue this year when Rev. Gabriel Carrera held a protest denouncing a poster that promoted tolerance of diverse sexual orientations. At the protest, Carrera announced his candidacy. Since then, Carrera, who was ordained by a televangelist, has run his campaign primarily by attacking Mantilla for her sexual orientation. Carrera claims he will win because he reflects the Hispanic community's "old-fashioned" values.

However, many members of the Hartford community dispute that assertion. "I decry that he says that he is a member of our community, and that the Latin community is anti-gay as if it's passed down from God," district resident Gladys Hernandez said at an Oct. 17 rally protesting Carrera. "We have as many people who are gay as any other community. I object to his categorically speaking for me." Deputy Mayor Frances Sanchez, also present at the rally, called for an end to the "politics of prejudice."

Also in dispute is Carrera's fitness to represent the community at all, as he does not currently live within the district. If he won, he would need to move to the 4th House District in order to hold the position.

**All news briefs have been culled from press releases sent to ATM by the named organizations or written by staff. To submit a press release, email it to: [news@anythingthatmoves.com](mailto:news@anythingthatmoves.com).**

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## Landmark Congressional Briefing Addresses Sexual Orientation

[WASHINGTON, DC] — In a precedent-setting meeting, the Congressional Human Rights Caucus and the office of Congressman Tom Lantos (D-CA) recently hosted the first-ever briefing on sexual orientation and international human rights. Members of Amnesty International, Human Rights Watch (HRW), and the International Gay and Lesbian Human Rights Commission (IGLHRC) spoke at the meeting, describing a range of human rights abuses directed against lesbians, gay men, bisexuals, and transgendered people. A Turkish witness also testified on his direct experience of abuses. Briefing sponsors included William Delahunt (D-MA), Barney Frank (D-MA), and Nancy Pelosi (D-CA). Congressman Benjamin Gilman (R-NY), chairman of the House International Relations Committee, also attended the meeting.

In Turkey, "the police use terror and violence against homosexuals by permission of the central government," testified Serkan Altan, a 25-year-old gay man from Istanbul. "Turkey has been a huge prison for all of us, most of all for homosexuals." During a 1989 police raid on homes of gay men, Altan said, "a 17-year-old gay boy committed suicide by jumping from a sixth floor balcony in order not to be tortured by the police chief who had tortured him before." Altan concluded, "The Turkish government approves of the abuse, and doesn't allow us to speak out. Gays are in fear all the time."

IGLHRC Advocacy Coordinator Scott Long stated that recent incidents from the United States to Zimbabwe show a pattern in which politicians scapegoat sexual minorities and incite violence against them. "Human rights knows no scapegoats," Long said. "It recognizes no sacrificial lambs, and it accepts no exceptions to the rule. It insists that people cannot be singled out; that no quality basic to a human being, be it her religious belief, the color of her skin, her ethnicity or sex or her sexual orientation, be used as a pretext to deny her the rights which should be enjoyed equally by all. The principle we represent is simple... treating people differently because of their sexual orientation is wrong."

Regan Ralph, executive director of the HRW's Women's Rights Division, testified that "international human rights law condemns the denial of fundamental liberties to persons on the basis of qualities inherent to their individuality and humanity. Sexual orientation, too, is such a quality, a deeply rooted and profoundly felt element of selfhood." She cited the long struggle for recognition of women's human rights as a model for the expansion of existing protections.

"Protecting women's human rights," Ralph stated, "until recently was not seen as the responsibility of governments. Yet by exposing abuses against women and the role of governments in perpetrating or allowing the abuse, women have claimed the recognition

that they, too, are entitled to enjoy their basic rights."

"Women often face different and additional obstacles due to sexist prescribed roles within a given society, due to codified government discrimination, and due to the invisibility of women's sexual lives," noted Cynthia Rothschild, co-chair of Amnesty International Members for Lesbian and Gay Concerns. "While some might argue that this invisibility 'protects' lesbians," she said, "this is far from the case. Women are often harassed, are subjected to rape, sexual abuse, and forced pregnancy, and ultimately suffer from sexism as well as homophobia in any given society."

Witnesses called on the U.S. government to ratify human-rights treaties it has so far refused to endorse, including the Convention on the Elimination of Discrimination Against Women and the Convention on the Rights of the Child. They also urged the United States to recognize sexual orientation as a relevant issue both in monitoring and in promoting human rights abroad.

Congressman Lantos promised that he would urge Secretary of State Madeline Albright to include sexual orientation as a category in the State Department's annual country reports, which summarize human-rights situations around the world. "This is a first meeting, and a first step," Lantos said. "We will move forward."

### NYC Rabbis Invoke Curse Against Domestic Partners Supporters

[NEW YORK CITY, NY] — A group of Hasidic rabbis gathered at New York's City Hall recently to invoke a biblical curse against New York officials for endorsing legislation giving queer couples the same rights as married couples in the eyes of the city. The group of about two dozen men — 10 makes a *minyan*, or quorum — used candles and a ram's horn known as a *shofar* to invoke the curse. They also took some time out to pray for the safety of New Yorkers.

Gay rights advocates hailed the law as ushering in one of the broadest domestic partner policies in the United States. It allows bereavement leave for city employees, visitation rights in city-run facilities, and tenancy succession rights; and permits partners to be buried together in city-owned cemeteries. Gay civil rights supporters said that despite the Hasidic protest and complaints lodged by New York's Roman Catholic Cardinal John O'Connor, opposition to the measure was negligible. The council voted to approve the new law, 39 votes to 7 with one abstention.

The city's new domestic partnership law was announced by Mayor Rudolph Giuliani to great fanfare last month. It recognizes domestic partners as equal to spouses in a range of services, benefits, city employee issues and responsibilities, and fulfilled a campaign promise Giuliani made to gay rights advocates last year. Civil rights supporters said the bill was "unique" because it would extend rights beyond city employees. Other cities around the United States have largely addressed domestic partnerships in the context of municipal employee benefits.

Rabbi William Handler, a member of Jews for Morality and leader of the protest at City Hall, said city officials, including Mayor Giuliani, will be wiped out because they "have no desire to repent."

Handler declined to say for certain what form the curse, which he said will "definitely" materialize, will take. But he did say, "It's possible that an atomic attack could be made by Russia or China."



## Anything That Smells

Researchers at the University of Wales, Cardiff told the Times of London in February that, using the right sexual scent, they had induced a male crab to attempt to mate not only with a female crab but with a stone and a tennis ball. Researchers said also that crabs have well-developed vision but still approached the bogus targets with great vigor.

— Reuters

## IBC6 Set For Summer 2000

The Sixth International Bisexual Conference (IBC6) will be held in Rotterdam, the Netherlands in the summer of 2000. The conference theme is "Same Preference, Different Lifestyles." The conference is organized by an independent organizing committee in cooperation with the Dutch Bi Network. The three-day conference features workshops, panels, presentations, papers, and performances.

Conference presenters currently include bisexuals from Finland, Australia, the Netherlands, and the USA. The expected attendance is several hundreds of bisexuals, friends, and allies. The conference language is English. Conference organizer Maurice Snellen says further information will be posted at the IBC6 Web site, bisexually oriented email mailing lists, and in bisexual print outlets such as *Bijou*, *Anything That Moves*, the BiNet USA quarterly, and local bi newsletters.

## Bi/Gay Men At Risk for Hepatitis A

[ATLANTA, GA] — A recent outbreak of hepatitis A infection in Atlanta is focusing attention on the heightened risk of hepatitis A infection among gay and bisexual men. Hepatitis A is transmitted through oral-fecal contact, that is, through exposure to materials contaminated with the fecal matter of infected persons. The illness is usually characterized by transient, flu-like symptoms and jaundice. It is not usually life-threatening.

"Gay men are at higher risk for getting hepatitis A," according to Dr. Michael Friedman, primarily because some of the "sexual behaviors that gay men engage in place them at a higher risk."

"I think there is a lack of awareness of the risks among gay men," said Friedman, an expert with the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention (CDC). Health officials advise gay and bisexual men to be routinely vaccinated against the hepatitis A virus. The federal agency reports that during the first half of 1996, "222 cases of hepatitis A were reported in Atlanta residents, a 730% increase compared with the annual average of 27 cases during 1993-1995." Nearly three quarters (74%) of these cases occurred among homosexual or bisexual men, up from 41% recorded during the previous year.

— *Morbidity and Mortality Weekly Report*

## BiNet USA Launches Ally Campaign

In an effort to coordinate, educate and cooperate with other progressive, human and social rights organizations, BiNet USA, the national bisexual network, has forged alliances to help end biphobia and oppression. In March of 1998, BiNet USA kicked off its first ally campaign and has met with quite a successful response. The campaign is designed to advance bisexual rights and visibility and to solidify the relationship between these other national political organizations.

"BiNet is delighted with the response," campaign leader Debra Kolodny said. Though BiNet had positive dealings with many of these organizations before the Ally Campaign, this effort formalizes and professionalizes our relationship. BiNet now has institutionalized sustainable access to the leaders of the largest lesbian, gay and transgender rights organizations in this country."

Martín Ornelas-Quintero, executive director of the National Latina/o Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual & Transgender Organization (LLEGÓ) says he is happy to be part of this new coalition building: "By finalizing our alliance with BiNet, LLEGÓ joins the forces of Latina/o bisexuals with the larger bisexual community, ensuring the diversity of the movement and creating a powerful network for the good of all lesbians, gays, bisexuals and transgenders."

## Prosecutor Alleges Homosexuality Is Linked to Child Molestation

[ATLANTA, GA] — Is accused child-killer Alexander Head gay? And should it matter in his trial? Fulton County prosecutor Shawn LaGrúa thinks it should. "If he's not homosexual, he's bisexual, and it goes directly to whether or not he molested an eight-year-old boy," LaGrúa told a judge Thursday during Head's trial, with the jury excused from the courtroom.

Defense attorney John Turner said he was offended by LaGrúa's statement. "They're going on the antiquated notion that if he's gay or bisexual, he's a child molester," Turner said outside of court. "It's nothing but just raw prejudice and inflammatory statements."

Head, 31, is charged in Superior Court with murder, kidnapping and molestation in the death of Brandon Searcy, who disappeared on his way to a school bus stop in his southeast Atlanta neighborhood on April 15, 1997. The boy was found strangled in a field the next day, with his shirt pushed up and his pants pulled down. Head's first trial ended with a hung jury last October, with one juror refusing to accept the state's circumstantial evidence and fretting about a police conspiracy in the case, which drew attention from City Hall.

Repeating her testimony from the first trial Thursday, a woman said Head propositioned her the morning Brandon disappeared. Other witnesses expected to take the stand again include two men who say Head approached them sexually, and two young girls who say Head tried to molest them. "They're saying he's everything — he likes children, he likes women, he likes men," Turner said, adding Head denies being gay and has been married and fathered two children. "Their theory is, he'll attack anything that moves."

— *Atlanta Journal-Constitution*





## Supreme Court Okays Defunding of "Indecent Art"

On June 25, the Supreme Court ruled that the government may deny funding for work that is considered "indecent," and that such content-based restrictions do not violate artists' First Amendment free speech rights. Specifically, the justices ruled that the National Endowment for the Arts (NEA) may consider "decency" along with artistic merit in deciding what art to fund. The Court's ruling was advisory only.

In 1990 Congress enacted a "decency" standard following controversy over works by artists including Robert Mapplethorpe and Andres Serrano. The case against the law was originally brought by "the NEA Four" — Karen Finley, John Fleck, Holly Hughes, and Tim Miller, artists who were denied NEA funding. Fleck, Hughes, and Miller are gay, lesbian, or bisexual; all four incorporate queer or feminist themes in their work.

In 1992, a federal judge struck down the law as unconstitutional. Northern California's Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals upheld the ruling, finding the standard overly vague and a violation free speech. The U.S. Department of Justice then appealed the ruling to the Supreme Court.

The Supreme Court justices voted 8-1 in favor of the content restrictions. Writing for the majority, Justice Sandra Day O'Connor stated that

# Who's Watching Big Brother?

by Liz Highleyman

Congress may "selectively fund a program to encourage certain activities it believes to be in the public interest." According to Justice Antonin Scalia, who favored a stronger pro-decency stance, "Congress did not abridge the speech of those who disdain the beliefs and values of the American public." He added that artists may "exercise their right to express themselves by urinating on stages and smearing themselves with chocolate. They just cannot expect the public to pay for such affronts to its sensibilities."

The ruling was opposed only by Justice David Souter, who said that the law is "substantially overbroad and carries with it a significant power to chill artistic production and display."

## House Upholds NEA Funding

On the same day the Supreme Court delivered its ruling, the House of Representatives Appropriations Committee restored funding for the NEA. The House had previously voted in June to deny funding for the agency, but the decision was reversed after five moderate Republicans switched sides and voted with the committee's Democratic majority.

On July 21, the full House upheld the committee's decision by a decisive 253-173 vote. Several previous opponents supported NEA funding this time around, acknowledging that the NEA had undergone substantial reform. The House agreed to provide \$98 million for the NEA for fiscal year 1999, equal to the funding for the current year.

## Sodomy Around the World

In May, South Africa struck down laws against sodomy, unnatural sexual offenses, and acts stimulating sexual

passion or giving sexual gratification between "two men at a party." Judge Jonathan Heher of the Johannesburg High Court, who handed down his ruling on the second anniversary of the new South African constitution, said that the laws were unconstitutional.

National and international gay rights groups hailed the decision, and the African National Congress declared that the judgment "represents a significant milestone in the alignment of South Africa's laws with the basic human rights contained in the constitution's Bill of Rights."

Meanwhile, in June, Romania's Chamber of Deputies rejected a proposed amendment to the penal code that would have decriminalized homosexual sex. Although the amendments were favored by the party in power, the measure failed by five votes because some members of the ruling coalition were not present for the vote. Justice Minister Valeriu Stoica said that the amendment would be resubmitted this fall.

Back in the United States, the Rhode Island legislature voted to overturn that state's law against "abominable and detestable crimes against nature," while an Arkansas judge ruled in June that a lawsuit against the state's sodomy law can go forward. The Arkansas law applies to oral and anal activity among members of the same sex. Proponents of the law had argued that the law imposes no real injury on those who engage in homosexual sex.

The Lambda Legal Defense and Education Fund, which is representing the plaintiffs, has also recently helped to overturn sodomy laws in Kentucky, Montana, and Tennessee.



Finally, in Puerto Rico, the ACLU filed a lawsuit challenging the constitutionality of the commonwealth's sodomy law that criminalizes "crimes against nature" committed by members of the same sex.

### McNally's Show Goes On

Terrence McNally's most recent play-in-progress, *Corpus Christi*, is on the boards again after New York City police promised to provide increased security for those involved in staging the production.

The Manhattan Theater Club announced in May that it would cancel the show after protests spearheaded by the Catholic League for Religious and Civil Rights. The play presents an alternative interpretation of the life of Jesus Christ, in which a Christ-like character named Joshua has sex with his disciples. McNally is best known for his play *Love! Valour! Compassion!*

Opponents claimed that the show is religiously offensive. The Catholic League warned that if another theater attempted to stage the canceled play it would "wage a war that no one will forget." Manhattan Theater Club artistic director Lynne Meadow said that the play would be closed for safety reasons after threats that the theater would be burned down and the staff and McNally would be killed.

The theater's decision was decried by several well-known playwrights including Tony Kushner and Athol Fugard, who threatened to withdraw his work from the theater in protest. Kushner has seen his own play, *Angels in America*, canceled by homophobic forces. According to Kushner, "This is a medieval notion that the arts in the U.S. need to follow the Roman Catholic theological line."

### Furor Over "Ex-Gay" Ad

In San Francisco, the queer press differ over the appropriateness of the *San Francisco Examiner's* decision to run an ad by religious conservatives claiming that homosexuals can change their sexual orientation. The "ex-gay" ad ran in several papers throughout the United States. The paper accompanied the ad with an editorial opposing the ad's claims.

Openly gay city supervisor Tom Ammiano has asked the paper to donate the money it received from the ad to a gay organization.

SF publications *The Bay Area Reporter* and the new *Spectrum* newspaper claim the *Examiner* was within its rights to run the ad, and said that a

policy of refusing ads based on content could be detrimental to queers. *The Bay Times* stood firmly against the ads, asserting that no paper would run an ad by the Ku Klux Klan attacking African Americans, and that freedom of speech does not necessarily equal the obligation to accept paid advertisements.

*SF Frontiers* did not take a firm stance, noting that the issue is complex and bears careful consideration. Editor Lauren Hauptman encouraged readers to consider whether the queer community should favor censorship measures the community would oppose if they were used against us... even if "we are right and they are wrong."

### Alabama Bans Sex Toys

The American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU) is backing a group of Alabama women in their federal lawsuit against a state law that bans the sale of sex toys. The law, which took effect in July, makes it a crime to sell or distribute "any device designed or marketed as useful primarily for the stimulation of human genital organs." The misdemeanor can bring violators a maximum penalty of a \$10,000 fine and a year in jail. Simple possession of such devices remains legal.

Plaintiffs include Sherri Williams, who owns two stores that sell such toys, and B.J. Bailey, who sells sex toys at home-based parties. The two are joined by several women who claim that they require sex toys in order to achieve orgasm.

According to the ACLU, the ban is an invasion of privacy and "a misguided attempt to impose a moral viewpoint on adults."

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*Liz Highleyman is a freelance journalist and health educator. She is associate editor of the anthology Bisexual Politics: Theories, Queries and Visions (Haworth Press, 1995).*

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# GET YOURSELF CONNECTED!

## About BABN

The Bay Area Bisexual Network is an alliance of bisexual and bi-supportive groups, individuals, and resources in the San Francisco Bay Area. BABN is connecting the bisexual community and creating a movement for acceptance and support of human diversity by coordinating forums, social events, opportunities, and resources.

BABN is by nature educational in that we are supporting the rights of all women and men to develop as whole beings without oppression due to age, race, religion, color, class or different abilities, nor because of sexual preference, gender identity, gender preference and/or responsible consensual sexual behavior preferences. Membership is open to all bi-positive people whether or not they consider themselves bisexual.

BABN sponsors a speakers' network of bisexuals from diverse backgrounds, races, lifestyles, and cultures who speak on all topics and issues concerning bisexuality.

Call 415-703-7977, voice mail box #1, or write BABN at 2261 Market St., #496, San Francisco, CA 94114-1600.

## BIS BEYOND THE BAY

**AUSTRALIAN BISEXUAL NETWORK:** National information, support, advocacy and social network for bi men, women, partners/families, and bi and bi-friendly groups. P.O. Box 490, Lutwyche, Brisbane, QLD 4030. [www.ozemail.com.au/~ausbinet/index.html](http://www.ozemail.com.au/~ausbinet/index.html)

**BINET USA:** National bisexual network dedicated to visibility, resource sharing, and political activism toward a multicultural, co-gendered, bisexual community. Quarterly newsletter,

conferences. Info: P.O. Box 7327, Langley Park, MD 20787 USA. 202-986-7186.

**BISEXUAL RESOURCE CENTER:** Projects include The Bisexual Archives and the Bisexual Resource Office. P.O. Box 639, Cambridge, MA 02140 USA. 617-424-9595.

**GLASGOW BISEXUAL NETWORK:** Social support and health information for bisexuals and their supporters in Glasgow, Scotland, UK. Volunteers and bifriendly folks needed to help run the group. Regular social meetings at the Gay & Lesbian Centre, 11 Dixon St., Glasgow. For more information, contact: Dominic Aveyard, GBN Group Coordinator, 127 Glenhead St., Park-house, Glasgow, Scotland, UK, G22-6DQ. 0141-336-4548 evenings and weekdays.

**GRUPO TRIANGULO ROSA:** To help the human rights of BGLT people, struggle against discrimination, help coordinate a Central American movement for the rights of sexual minorities, and prevent HIV. Apartado Postal 1619-4050, Alajuela, Costa Rica. 506-23-2411.

**MOSCOW BI-SEX CLUB:** Union for people with unorthodox desires. Looking for international contacts, ideas, support. P.O. Box N3, Moscow Russia 123308.

**UNITARIAN UNIVERSALIST BISEXUAL NETWORK:** A packet of materials of interest to bisexuals, including a newsletter, is available from the Unitarian Church by sending \$10 to UUBN, P.O. Box 10818, Portland, ME 04104 USA.

**WAZOBIA:** For women who love women and men who love men however they may self-identify, BGLT or questioning people from continental Africa. P.O. Box 255, New York, NY 10116 USA. 212-690-3705.

*Anything That Moves* is interested in listing international bisexual resources and projects that involve the entire community. To list your organization, please send complete contact information to:

Bi Resources Listings  
Anything That Moves  
2261 Market St. #496  
San Francisco, CA 94114-1600  
[info@anythingthatmoves.com](mailto:info@anythingthatmoves.com)

or browse our Web site: <http://www.anythingthatmoves.com>

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# SUBMIT TO ANYTHING THAT MOVES

## Sex and Rock-n-Roll

From David Bowie and Elton John to Madonna and Jill Sobule, bisexuality has always flourished in the music biz, and in the near future, *Anything That Moves* is turning the spotlight on our icons and embarrassments, the men and women who have championed (and occasionally abandoned) the cause, and the effects they've had on us. Got submissions? We want 'em!

*Anything That Moves* welcomes unsolicited manuscripts, photographs, and illustrations. We are particularly interested in work by bi/pan/or-similar-sexuals, people of color, transgender- or transsexual-identified, those who are differently abled, and those challenged by AIDS or HIV, as well as material not previously published and/or from new or unpublished writers.

## WRITERS:

**ATM** accepts submissions such as literary, film, theater, and music reviews; fiction; non-fiction commentary and feature articles; and news reports on the bisexual community or individuals.

**FEATURES & INTERVIEWS:** *ATM* publishes features relating to any angle of bisexual life — cultural, lifestyle, spiritual, sexual, health, relationship, political... you name it. Please, 2,500 words or less.

**FICTION/NON-FICTION:** Any fiction content is up for consideration and need not address bisexuality specifically; however, bisexual content is given priority. *ATM* also provides space for writers to explore contemporary issues related to bisexuality that are editorial in nature — personal opinions and viewpoints. Please, 2,500 words or less.

**REVIEWS:** *ATM* publishes reviews of books, film, music, exhibits, theater, and anything else related to bisexual artists, topics, and/or themes as well as subjects of interest to bisexuals. Reviews should not exceed 400 words. Black & white photos or stats of reviewed book jackets, or black & white theatrical/portfolio promotional photos to accompany reviews, are greatly appreciated.

## PHOTOGRAPHERS AND ILLUSTRATORS:

*ATM* is interested in receiving (*read: at times desperate for*) photo submissions (single photos as well as photo essays), illustrations, computer graphics, and cartoons. Erotic/nude photos will be considered. All photos containing models or subjects with identifiable and/or copyrighted likenesses must be accompanied by a signed photo release form and age statement. Illustrations must be submitted in stat, velox, or clean photocopy form. Do not submit originals, as *ATM* cannot be responsible for them. Photographer's, designer's or illustrator's name, address, and phone number *must* be attached to the back of each submission.

### THE FINE PRINT, PART I:

Submissions must be typed, double-spaced, on clean white paper and must include the article's name and word count on each page. Please include the author's name, address, phone number and email address, if applicable, on the cover letter and the last page of the submission.

#### PLEASE NOTE:

All submissions must be accompanied by a cover letter that includes a brief (30 words or less) biography of the writer and a listing of submissions by title. Please indicate if the contribution has been published or submitted for consideration elsewhere.

Send all submissions to: *Anything That Moves*: Submissions, 2261 Market St. #496, San Francisco, CA 94114-1600. Manuscripts may also be emailed to: [submit@anythingthatmoves.com](mailto:submit@anythingthatmoves.com).

## JOIN THE PARTY!

Anything That Grooves needs SF Bay Area-based volunteers to help throw Switchboard, our bi-monthly '80s/rock/techno dance party.

If you've got the groove to help us move, contact ATG Coordinator Jace Mills at (415) 626-5069, or email [events@anythingthatmoves.com](mailto:events@anythingthatmoves.com) for more info.

### THE FINE PRINT, PART II:

Submissions must include a SASE. Handwritten, illegible, or single-spaced copy will be returned. *ATM* gladly accepts manuscripts on disk *only* if accompanied by a hard copy, as you know how finicky disks-through-the-mail can be. Disk submissions by disk must be saved in MS Word for Macintosh 4.0 through 6.0 format; we cannot translate MS Word 98.

Notification of acceptance will be made within 6-8 weeks, although publication date cannot be given (accepted material is often kept on file and considered for each new issue). Accepted material cannot be returned. Do not send originals, as *ATM* will not be responsible for them. Rejected material returned only if accompanied by the correct amount of postage.

Pen names are permitted; however, the author's real name, address, and phone number must accompany the submission.



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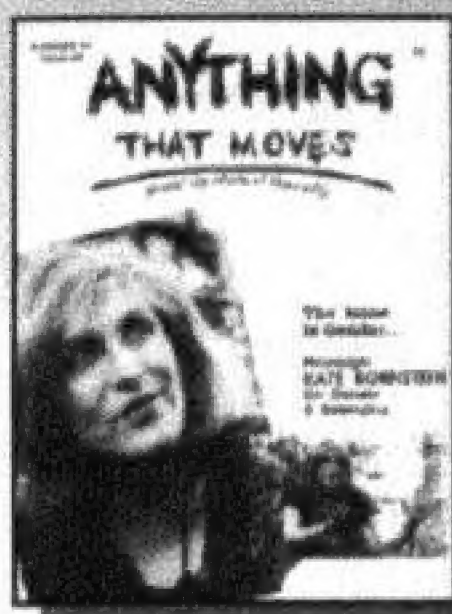
Rachael House publishes *Red Hanky Panky* (a comic, not a 'zine) at:

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# Back issues of *Anything That Moves* are available!

Most issues can be acquired for a mere pittance of \$4 each (\$1.00 shipping and handling included). Just mail a check or money order, and indicate which issues you want. Note: Issues One, Two, Four and Twelve are sold out.



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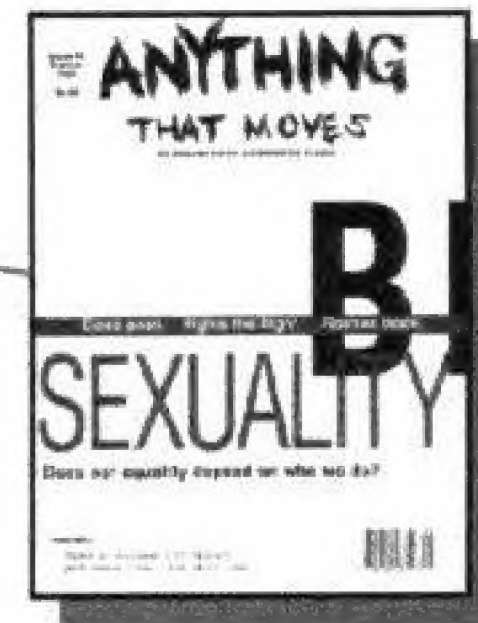


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  - Pornography: Ten Bisexuals Feel Each Other Out on a Touchy Subject



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- "This Guy is Hot": Photos by Loren Cameron
  - Review: *Barbie's Queer Accessories*
  - PFLA(Bi?)G: The National Conference Struggles with Another Letter



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- Bi Resources on the Internet
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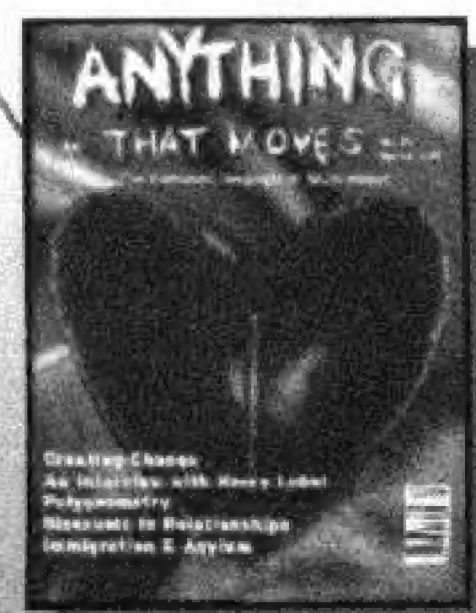
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